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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

EUROPE'S DIVIDED SOCIALISTS

THE war rent asunder the International-Socialist organization of Europe, and the Bolshevik Revolution added another rift to its disjointed structure. The result was three new groups of Socialist and Labor Parties, each calling itself an International. The Third International of Moscow stands farthest to the Left, and preaches violent revolution and confiscation of private property. It includes the dominant Communist Party in Russia, and similar organizations in most European countries and Great Britain. The French, Italian, and Spanish Socialist Parties have professed allegiance to this International. The Communists are the weakest Socialist Party, however, in Germany, Austria, and Great Britain. In the latter country the official Communist Party numbers about 10,000. The organized Communists in Italy number 70,000; in Norway 97,000; in France 130,000; in Czechoslovakia 360,000, and in Germany the same number. However, there is probably less solidarity in this organization than in either of the other Internationals.

The Vienna, or 'Two-and-a-half,' International occupies the centre of the Socialist groups. It receives its principal support — numerically, at least —

from the German Independent-Socialist Party, which broke off from the regular Socialist Party in 1916, because it would no longer support the war. It enrolls many distinguished men in its ranks. The Austrian Socialist-Democratic Party, the English Independent-Labor Party, the Swiss Socialist Party, those French Socialists who refused to go over to the Moscow International, and a number of other Socialists and Labor Parties in the smaller European countries and South America, belong to this group.

The Second International is the lineal descendant of the pre-war International, and includes the so-called Conservative-Socialist Party of Europe and the Parliamentary Labor Party of Great Britain. In addition there are a number of isolated parties that do not belong to any of these groups.

Recently a movement has been started to bring together these three antagonistic Internationals. Early in February a conference was held at Paris with that object in view, but its purpose was defeated by the railway strike in Germany, which prevented delegates from that country attending. Late in February what was virtually an adjourned meeting of the Paris Conference occurred at Frankfort. It was attended by delegates of the two more

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conservative Internationals, though Moscow intimated its willingness to enter into negotiations for a fusion of all three groups. Simultaneously a so-called 'Five Country' Labor and Socialist Conference was also held at Frankfurt. The delegates came from Belgium, England, France, Germany, and Italy. This Conference, which devoted itself mainly to a discussion of Reparations, adopted a resolution affirming the obligation of Germany to restore the devastated districts of France, but declaring that the inclusion of pension and similar charges in the Reparations account against Germany violated the pledge which the Entente and America gave Germany at the time of the Armistice, and that these burdens should be borne jointly by all the five belligerent Powers.

Probably the Socialist Parties of Europe are still a long way from agreement or from combining in a single organization; but the drift is now toward something more nearly approaching solidarity than has existed since 1914.



PUZZLING RUSSIA

ALTHOUGH many barriers to intercourse between Russia and the Western world have been removed, the former country remains almost as difficult to elucidate and as dangerous a subject for generalization as it ever was. While millions are starving along the Volga, if we are to believe the *Moscow Ivestiya* of February 4, great areas of Russia not remote from that district are malting and distilling their surplus grain and indulging in bucolic bacchanalia after a long period of abstinence. To quote from this article, written by a Bolshevik author:—

Peasant villages are being drowned in home-distilled vodka. In the district of Bezhetzka whole countryside are engaged in brewing beer and distilling spirits. Cabin

stoves are used to make home-brew instead of cabbage soup. Vodka is even being shipped to the cities, disguised as milk, and sold in cafés and hotels. In the province of Akmolinsk there is not a peasant hut where the table is not loaded with home-distilled spirits and home-brewed beer. In the province of Volgoda peasants take turns at the stills and drink not only at meals but direct from the distilling-cans. Apparatus passes from neighbor to neighbor. One province has become practically a huge distillery. The same thing is true of Rybinsk, where on a single feast-day the militia seized eight barrels of home-brew and nine stills. Conditions are similar in the provinces of Chernigov, Gomel, and Tver.

Young people are becoming drunkards and there has been a revival of fighting and murdering. . . . The peasants praise all this and call it a fine thing. . . . Comrades who went down to Bezhetzka say that at a recent festival there was drinking for three days. . . . The village Soviet, the Cantonal Executive Committee, and the militia all drink. . . . Hundreds of thousands of poods of grain are used to distill vodka. One canton is reported by a party comrade to be using as much as fifteen thousand poods of grain for this purpose. Along the Volga people have become brutes and are eating the bodies of their dead children, while in the central provinces enormous quantities of grain, priceless in these days, are being used for this disgusting debauchery.

With all the brutality and barbarism that were its superficial phenomena, and despite its exaltation of materialism and its denial of any faith that transcends the things of this world, Russian Communism had a moral aspect. Future historians may draw interesting parallels between the Puritan Revolution in England and the Communist Revolution in Russia. Now that their faith is falsified by events, the idealists and enthusiasts of the movement are suffering pitiful disillusionment. Occasional letters and contributions to the Bolshevik papers vividly describe this revulsion.

A young Communist, who for four

years had made every sacrifice for the cause, fighting at the Front, suffering privation, surviving illness with courage unshaken, writes that he has lost faith in the nearness of the bright future of his earlier hopes, and that 'the nightmare of disillusionment' has seized his soul. He adds: 'Disillusionment is a terrible thing. It corrodes even a well man, and me particularly because of my physical illness.' He mentions a brother who fought for two years in the Red Army and recently committed suicide, just when life seemed to promise him better things; and adds: 'I begin to think that L—— shot himself because of this nightmare of disillusionment.'

The reopening of shops, and especially of comparatively luxurious places of private entertainment in Moscow, has produced the same bitterness of soul in such people that sincere Roundheads probably experienced at witnessing the Court revels of Charles II after the Restoration. A writer in the Bolshevik press observes:—

The real cannibals are not those unfortunate ones who, driven mad by hunger, are gnawing the corpses of their children along the Volga; the real cannibals are those in Moscow who, in luxurious restaurants, with goblets of champagne, congratulate each other on the New Year, on the new profit, on the new robberies, on the new demoralization.

Less emotional, naturally, are the reports of Western witnesses. W. N. Ewer, writing to the radical *Daily Herald* from Moscow, says that the reports current abroad, to the effect that the shops in that city are 'packed with luxuries of every kind' and that high life has been resumed on something approaching the old scale, are not correct. Some shops are open, and a few are brilliantly lighted. Luxury goods are displayed, but they are remnants of what has been concealed during the past four years. Speaking of the Café

Empire, reputed to be the centre of new fashionable life in the Soviet capital, this correspondent says:—

There was the big café, as it was before the Revolution, only somewhat shabby; there were the waiters in evening dress, also a little shabby; and there was the orchestra playing, significantly enough, tunes five and ten years old. But that was all. For between two and three dollars in American currency—some six or seven hundred thousand rubles in the money of the country—one could obtain a plain meal. Most of the customers were sipping tea or drinking a very light beer, which is the only alcoholic drink now permitted.

This correspondent remarks that the rumors of extravagant living among the commissars are untrue, so far as his knowledge goes. 'I saw Maksim Litvinoff at supper in his office—it was black bread, cheese, and tea.'

According to other informants, private industries and competitive trade have revived to a point where advertisements have begun to appear in Moscow papers. The New State Bank is besieged with demands for loans by private enterprises and coöperative societies, at rates ranging from 8 per cent to 12 per cent per month. The coöperatives have been partially liberated from the paralyzing Government control which was exercised over them for the past few years.

Salt is so scarce and the demand for it so keen that it has become one of the favorite articles of theft. Well toward one fifth of the quantity shipped is stolen in course of transportation. Hugo Stinnes is reported to have bought from the Soviet Government the Metropole, in Moscow, and the Astoria, in Petrograd, the two finest hotels in Russia.

The *Morning Post*, which is consistently alarmist with regard to Russia, reports that Trotzky has recently persuaded the Soviet Executive to vote sixteen million rubles in gold, or eight

million dollars, for the purchase of army supplies abroad, and that this money has been transmitted to London for that purpose. Paul Scheffer, the Moscow correspondent for the *Berliner Tageblatt*, who recently had a talk with Trotzky, reports that the Russian War Commissar personally assured him that the property, profits, and personal security of foreigners doing business in Russia would be guaranteed. The only thing that might cause the confiscation of their property would be a successful and world-wide Communist revolution. That was the only reservation in Russia's guaranty to aliens doing business within her territories.

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AGRICULTURAL CRISIS IN ARGENTINA

A LEADING Argentine economist, Professor Alexander Bunge, has estimated that the live stock of Argentina was worth before the war about a billion and a half pesos, or a very important fraction of the entire national wealth. The price of cattle has fallen 50 per cent within a year. In November 1920 a fat steer was worth at the Buenos Aires stockyards from two hundred to two hundred and thirty dollars. Today it is worth from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty dollars. Naturally banks are not loaning money to ranchers and farmers under these conditions. The farmers are not buying from the merchants, and retail trade has shrunk sadly from what it was two or three years ago.

Approximately similar conditions prevail in other rural industries. Several agricultural congresses have been held to seek a remedy for this situation. Many ranchers demand that the Government loan them money directly to tide over their present embarrassment; others urge a legal minimum price for exported live stock and live-stock products; and still a third party advocates

large Government loans to European consumers, to enable the latter to make liberal purchases of Argentine products. The first proposal, for a Government loan, has assumed concrete form in a plan to have the National Bank advance a quarter of a billion paper pesos — equivalent to somewhat less than one hundred billion dollars in United States currency — against live stock, wool, grain, and farm mortgages as security. The loans would be repayable in equal quarterly installments during the next five years.

Most ranchers and farmers in the Argentine are natives of that country, while the railways and packing-houses are controlled by English and United States capital. This condition adds an element of political hostility to the demand that a minimum export-price be placed upon live stock and packing-house products exported. The export trade is well organized. The producers have hitherto been unorganized, with disastrous consequences to themselves. Last July graziers were receiving for their wool rather less than one half what it cost to put it on the market; simultaneously, however, exporters were obtaining for the same wool nearly three times what they paid for it, or 30 per cent above the cost of production. Among the suggestions relating to the extension of credit to Europe, in order to encourage consumers to purchase in the Argentine market, is one to loan Germany two hundred million dollars gold and Belgium fifty million dollars gold for this purpose.

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CURRENT POLITICS IN GERMANY

A BERLIN correspondent contributes to *L'Europe Nouvelle* an article upon the present status of political parties in Germany, indicating that political groups in that country are gravitating around either Hugo Stinnes or Walte

Rathenau as their centre. These two industrialists have become protagonists of antagonistic schools of political and business thought. Stinnes stands for industrial Junkerism. He is backed by the old monarchistic and reactionary parties, and by imperialistic business interests in general. Rathenau — who champions a policy of international reconciliation, the subordination of industry to society instead of society to industry, and political liberalism — is regarded as perhaps the most promising leader of the Centrist and Democratic parties and the Conservative-Social Democracy. If this interpretation of German politics is correct, Rathenau's recent appointment as Foreign Minister and the victory of the Wirth Cabinet in the Reichstag are pretty definite proofs that liberalism still has the upper hand in Germany. But it is fighting a powerful antagonist. French political writers show growing recognition of the desirability, in the interest of France and the Entente, of strengthening the hands of the liberal movement beyond the Rhine.

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LETTER FROM A YOUNG AMERICAN NEGRO TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE

L'Opinion publishes, without further comment than to characterize it as 'a very touching document,' the following letter addressed to the French people by Norval P. Barksdale, a young colored man of Kansas City:—

People of France, pause a moment to hear the words of a young man — an American by birth, a Negro by race, but a Frenchman by choice. For, if I may borrow the words of M. Louis Bertrand, 'If giving one's heart to a country and consecrating to it the best of one's thoughts and deeds entitles a man to belong to that country, perhaps I am not utterly unworthy to bear the glorious name of Frenchman.'

But how am I to write in French — I who can scarcely read your language? I do not

know, myself. However, I shall try; for I am convinced that the colored peoples are to find their salvation in French civilization rather than in German *kultur* — that is to say, the *kultur* of the Germans, the English, and the Americans.

French civilization produced Toussaint L'Ouverture, Alexandre Dumas, René Maran, and a host of other French writers and scholars who had colored blood in their veins. Among the Teutonic nations men of colored blood, no matter how gifted and cultivated, encounter nothing but obstacles and discouragements. Just now we have here a talented Negro comedian, — Charles Gilpin, — who received lately a letter threatening him with death if he ventured into any Southern state. I greet the Negro of France. He knows true liberty; he knows what it is to live. He is what they call 'a man.' Teutonic culture makes the Negroes who have the misfortune to be born under its banners mere servile underlings. In order to divest myself of the ideas of Germanic culture, I am studying French, so that I may be able to read books and reviews in that language. I aspire to divest myself of Germanic sentiments and to acquire the sentiments of the French.

People of France, for centuries you have been the aid and support of oppressed nations. We people here, watching through the night of Teutonic barbarism, await the dawn of justice. Sombre and black, indeed, is the night that envelops us now; but we see the first blush of dawn in the distant East. That dawn — the justice and freedom from prejudice with which France treats the colored races — gives us hope.

Recently I have read in French magazines articles by L. Bertrand, A. Albert-Petit, U. Forbin, J. Boulanger, and others — articles full of the spirit and intellect of France that give our people hope and comfort. I can say without fear of contradiction that France is almost the only great European nation that does not cherish unjust prejudices against the Blacks — at least to a great extent.

For this we love you. We shall never forget that in your land we have learned to appreciate the truth that your national motto — 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!' — is not a mere trio of empty words. They express

the true sentiment of the French nation. That, my French friends, is why your colonial subjects are contented and do not revolt against your rule; that is why we Black men elsewhere honor you and why we are ready to flock to your banner if you ever have need of us. Do not abandon us and you will never regret it.

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GERMAN SUBMARINE LOSSES

A GERMAN official document has been published giving the number of submarines lost by that government during the war. The total was 199, including boats sunk, interned, and captured. Of the total, 31 are at the bottom of the North Sea, 68 at the bottom of the English Channel, and 43 were sunk at other points around the British coast. Two were lost attempting to penetrate the barrage protecting the British high-sea fleet at Scapa Flow, 9 repose in Irish waters, and 7 in the Irish Sea. Farther afield there were 17 sunk in the Mediterranean, 4 in the Black Sea, 2 in the Arctic Ocean, 2 in the Atlantic, and 3 in the Baltic.

Of the 199 submarines that Germany lost during the war, 178 were sunk, carrying down 370 officers and about 5000 members of their crews.

The same document gives the losses of naval Zeppelins, of which 30 were destroyed, with 36 officers and 600 men. Eight were brought down in England, 5 in France, and 5 in neutral countries; 3 were destroyed in their hangars in Germany, and 1 was lost in the Mediterranean. The latter was a member of a squadron of ten Zeppelins that made an attack on England in October 1917. This squadron was dispersed by a heavy storm, and one Zeppelin was driven as far as the Mediterranean, where it was observed in distress twenty-four hours later from a signal station on the Île de Levant. Torpedo boats sent in pursuit never discovered it.

It is interesting to note that the French information service knew precisely the number of German submarines lost. To the 199 here reported should be added 6 Austrian boats. The largest number destroyed during any one month was 17, in May 1918.

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MINOR NOTES

GERMANY'S new tax-law, which is expected nearly to double the revenues of the Republic, increasing them to one hundred billion marks as compared with fifty-five billion marks last year, provides for a tax of 40 per cent on coal, a sales tax of 2 per cent applying to all commodities, and a forced loan, to bear no interest for the first three years, of a billion gold marks. The profits tax will be dropped and the tax upon sugar lowered.

FRENCH trade returns indicate a steady improvement of industrial conditions in that country. The adverse trade-balance has been reduced from twenty-three billion francs to two billion francs. The latest returns for the income tax give the figures for 1920 — on income declared for 1919. This amounted to nearly twenty-five billion francs of taxable income only, exclusive of exemptions which represent a very large but undetermined sum, since salaries and wages up to six thousand francs pay no tax, and the profits from agriculture and the earnings of labor practically escape.

PRESIDENT EBERT of the German Republic, who started working-life as a saddler and was prominent in the saddlers' union, has just been expelled from that organization as a mark of disapproval of his official attitude toward the unions in his present office.

WHITHER TENDS CIVILIZATION?

A FRENCH OPINION

BY JACQUES BAINVILLE

[The author, one of the most brilliant diplomatic writers of France, is a Monarchist, a member of the staff of *L'Action Française*, and editor of *La Revue Universelle*.]

From *La Revue Universelle*, March 1

(PARIS POLITICAL AND LITERARY SEMI-MONTHLY)

IF you were asked what abstract term had been used the oftenest since the war, what would be your answer? Law? Justice? Democracy? Doubtless one of these; unless, perhaps, it were civilization. We are fairly well agreed as to the meaning of these terms. Nevertheless, they are difficult of precise definition.

What is civilization? We all fancy we know. But it is easy to discover that the best dictionaries do not know. There is not one of them that defines the word precisely and unambiguously.

The ancient world, whose heritage we still enjoy, had no word to express what we mean by civilization. Give it to a student to translate into Latin and he will be at a loss. I put this question to one of our best Latin scholars. He suggested *humanitas*, which is limited, however, to intellectual culture, good education, good manners, and politeness. There was also the word *cultus*, which means education and manners. That is not sufficient. In searching the classics I find Cicero expressing approximately what we mean by civilization, as contrasted with barbarism, by the phrase: *cultus humanus civilisque*, which means refined and disciplined manners. We can quote abundant evidence for the statement that neither Rome nor the Eighteenth Century knew what civilization meant.

Pardon all this pedantry. But the life of words reflects the life of thought. The word 'civilization,' which our forefathers did so well without, — possibly because they possessed the thing itself, — has become current during the nineteenth century, under the influence of a new world of ideas. Scientific discoveries, industrial development, commercial expansion, and material well-being begot in the last generation a kind of enthusiasm and a spirit of prophecy. The idea of indefinite progress, which dawned upon the world during the second half of the eighteenth century, was accepted by mankind as heralding the beginning of a new era, an era of absolute civilization.

Fourier, a great Utopian almost forgotten to-day, was the first to identify civilization and the modern age. He was a man who had no doubts. He invented the theory that the British public debt could be paid within six months with eggs — a weird idea, but no more fanciful than that of those politicians and business men of to-day who propose to reconstruct Europe with the help of the Bolsheviki.

So civilization means the stage of development and progress that European nations reached during the nineteenth century. That is the general understanding of the term. It includes both material and moral progress as

inseparable from each other. Civilization was, in other words, a label with which we tagged, for convenience' sake, the modern Western world.

It would have astounded our grandfathers to be told that eventually European civilization would divide against itself and that we should have a conflict between Western civilization and Germanic culture. During the war the word assumed a new meaning. It was conceived as the antithesis of barbarism. That was at the time when the English never referred to the Germans otherwise than as Huns. Now we are inviting these Huns to help rebuild Europe, which they are principally responsible for having ruined.

A brilliant Russian remarked, while the war was still in progress: 'We Russians do not quite understand what you mean by a war of civilizations. Most of our civilization came from Germany.' He was talking of industrial civilization. Long before that, another Russian, Herzen, said: 'In our country everything is German: the watchmakers, the pharmacists, the trained nurses, and the empresses.' Germany certainly did stand for the highest degree of what she proudly called 'organization,' that is to say, of the mechanical idea applied to the political and moral world.

Kultur was, without doubt, a monstrous parody of civilization, but, none the less, it had the resemblance required in a parody. When we see what civilization became in German hands, we may well ask what democracy will become under the same tutelage.

In any case, Germany abused the formidable resources civilization gave her to aim a fatal blow at her benefactor. This predestined her to defeat. One of our academicians, an invincible optimist, said during the war: 'I consider the Germans clever engineers and incomparable technicians, who have

built an immense machine, the very sight of which inspires admiration and fear. I ask what that machine is for, and am told it is to fly to the moon. Whereupon I simply shrug my shoulders and wait for the end.' The Germans did not fly to the moon. But if they had knocked a big fragment off our satellite and caused it to fall upon the earth, they would not have produced much more damage than they did. In the month of August, 1914, a stupid exaggeration of one aspect of what we call civilization imperiled all civilization.

At the very moment when the civilized world was proudest and most confident in itself, when unending progress and improvement had become a sort of dogma, a few philosophers began to doubt and question. They said that other civilizations had disappeared, that their ruins cumbered the earth, and that our age had laboriously built upon those ruins. But would our civilization, erected on an immeasurably broader and deeper foundation, be at the mercy of such tragedies as overthrew the civilization of the ancient world? We were told that symbolical records on the Great Pyramid proved that the ancient Egyptians knew the distance from the earth to the sun, something we discovered but recently. But we would console ourselves with the thought that in those times science was a secret confined to a small group of men, who might easily be destroyed. We said that this could not happen again, because science was now the common property of all.

But though the nineteenth century had its pessimists and foretellers of evil, they were for the most part eccentric and fantastic men. They imagined a rapid and brutal drama. They had a romantic vision of a world overrun by barbarian hordes. They forgot that the agony of the Roman Empire was

long drawn out, with protracted intervals of repose.

Meanwhile our most illustrious and authoritative thinkers preserved unshaken confidence. Condorcet possessed this faith. A philosopher who made the mistake of entering politics, he was forced during the Revolution to hide himself to escape the guillotine. He was arrested one day in the neighborhood of Paris, at a little inn where he had incurred suspicion of being an aristocrat because he did not know how many eggs it took to make an omelet. He poisoned himself in prison. During the time that the Terrorists were on his trail, Condorcet wrote his *Tableau historique des progrès de l'esprit humain*. What possibility did he conceive of a check to the progress of the human intellect? Only one—terrestrial or cosmic cataclysm. Like the Gaelic warrior of legend, Condorcet feared only that the heavens might fall.

Renan was of the same opinion. In his mind progress was a tower of steel that rises constantly higher and higher. It was impossible to predict what height it might reach in one hundred years, one thousand years, one hundred thousand years; Renan's only fear was that science might end by making life so easy that mankind, having nothing more to do, would lose the faculty of physical and mental labor. He asked if science might not finally destroy itself. A character in his *Philosophical Dialogues* says: 'I sometimes think of the world in the distant future as a planet tenanted by idiots, warming themselves in sordid leisure in the sun, and having no incentive except to provide for their material wants.' In a word, Renan feared that when want ceased, labor would cease. He would be much comforted to see the world to-day. He would perceive that men are still far from the time when they will have nothing to do but warm themselves in the sun.

Such speculations on indefinite progress were like calculations to show how much a certain sum of money loaned at compound interest will amount to at a future date. Everyone knows that a cent invested at compound interest the first year of the Christian era would now amount to a mass of gold larger than our planet itself. The thing is irrefutable on paper, but the hypothesis is absurd. It is corrected by the fact that capital is sure to be destroyed a great number of times in the course of nineteen centuries.

Before the Revolution a French philanthropist invented a marvelous scheme for aiding his fellow men. All that was necessary was to invest a small sum immediately. At the end of thirty years the surplus income would provide for several families; at the end of one hundred years it would enable the trustees to build a model city. Subsequently the fund would multiply still faster, until shortly it would be possible to rebuild every unsanitary dwelling and execute gigantic public works, and in the course of two or three centuries convert the earth into an immense garden.

That philanthropist materialized the idea of indefinite progress. He bequeathed an estate yielding three thousand dollars a year revenue, with instructions to use it according to his scheme. The property did increase for several years. Then came the Revolution, assignats, and bankruptcy. The administrator of the estate begged the Directory to make an exception of the income of one thousand dollars and the capital value of the bequest, so that the wonderful experiment might not be interrupted. But no one listened to him.

This incident, which is a historical fact, illustrates how the world repudiates the indefinite, and refuses to tolerate the absurdity of unlimited increase. Nothing goes on growing forever

Nothing goes on decreasing forever. Fluctuation is the law of history. The ancients had a saying that everything has its limits. Business men know that. Prices on the stock exchange do not go up indefinitely. The art of business is to sell at the top of the market.

But we could not realize that way on the easy and agreeable life that we led before 1914, when we had practically no currency question, no housing question, no clothing question, no food question. At that time, like Condorcet, we never needed to know how many eggs it took to make an omelet. Who would have imagined ten years ago that the very necessities of life would have become so scarce that we should be seriously concerned lest we might not have enough to keep alive? We want to believe to-day, in response to what has become a habit of mind, that progress is continuous and inevitable. But the possibility of regression has begun to haunt us, as it haunted the men who witnessed the decadence of the Roman Empire.

Let us open a history of France, one of those histories designed to enlighten the Frenchman of the nineteenth century upon the incomparable advantages he enjoyed over the Frenchman of an earlier period. Take Michelet's history, with its horror stories of the Middle Ages. I find that during the Hundred Years' War a mysterious epidemic swept over the country, carrying off children and men in the prime of life, but sparing the aged, thus 'striking at the vigor and the hope of coming generations.' We recognize here all the symptoms of what we now call the Spanish gripe. Michelet then stigmatizes as an abomination a certain tax imposed by King Philip VI, in an effort to fill his empty treasury:—

In 1343 the war forced Philip of Valois to demand of the States General the right to collect four deniers per livre on all sales of

merchandise. It was not only a tax—it was an intolerable vexation, a war against trade. The tax collectors camped in the market places, spied upon purchasers and sellers, thrust their hands into every man's pocket, demanded their share of the coppers paid for a bunch of salad. That law was identical with the Spanish *alcabala* that killed the industry of Spain.

Michelet was quite right; but we have this sales tax back again to-day.

It would be easy to multiply such examples. Ah, how fragile civilization is! We might apply to it the remark of a distinguished physician regarding health: 'Health is a transient state, that gives no guaranty of its continuance.' Civilization is as precarious as health. It is a delicate flower. It depends on a nice balancing of conditions. Disturb any one of those conditions, and it withers and dies.

Russia affords a dramatic example of this. Recently a Bolshevik Commissar, Ossinskii, observed that the output of pig iron in Soviet Russia had fallen to the point where it was in the reign of Peter the Great, the ruler who introduced European civilization to that country. That statistical trifle is big with meaning. Of course, the output of pig iron is no measure of moral civilization. But it is essential to a civilization based upon industry. What does the decline of furnace output in Russia mean? It means that railways cannot be kept up, that transportation stagnates, that ideas as well as wares cease to circulate, that the very conditions upon which modern progress rests are destroyed, that regions where a crop failure occurs are condemned to famine—that people are thrown upon themselves, isolated in small communities, and drift back toward barbarism. What we hear of the present living conditions in the Russian country districts, of distress, epidemics, brigandage, and even cannibalism, confirms all this.

The disorganization of one or two essential branches of Russian industry, due, in turn, to political disorganization, is enough to produce an appalling moral and material setback. As I said above, civilization is an organic whole. You cannot destroy one of its organs without killing the whole body.

But the Russia whose industries have retrograded to what they were in the days of Peter the Great is much unhappier and more miserable than the Russia of two hundred years ago. A lady who lost most of her property in a celebrated failure, some twenty years ago, said to me: 'It is terrible. What is going to happen to me? I have only sixty thousand francs a year left!' The nations of Europe, now impoverished by war and revolution, are like that lady. They have formed luxurious habits. They have acquired new needs. They have built up a very complicated, delicate, and expensive establishment. An income that two hundred years ago would have been considered adequate is no longer sufficient to keep them from poverty. In some of our great cities, like Vienna, universities have been obliged to discontinue their courses. Even in France we are deeply concerned over the starvation of our research institutes, that imperils not only the progress of science but even its transmission to posterity.

We are too prone to forget or overlook the harsh truth that civilization must have material resources in order to develop, or even to survive. It does not hang in the air; it cannot exist in the realm of ideas alone. It requires public security and easy conditions of life; and these in turn depend on organized government and healthy finances. In other words, civilization is a plant that requires careful cultivation. It is a hothouse flower. It will thrive only where economic, social, and political conditions are peculiarly favorable.

That is why Auguste Comte laid such stress upon 'the tremendous question of public order.' That is why he took for his motto: 'Order and progress.' Progress is inconceivable where anarchy and disorder prevail.

The war has produced results that no one foresaw, least of all those responsible for it. Civilization has tried madly to kill itself. Not only has it created engines of destruction and a mentality of destruction more dangerous than ever before conceived, but it has placed in the hands of governments power greater than any government, ancient or modern, hitherto possessed. In order that states endowed with these powers and resources may hurl themselves even more impetuously at each other, electricity, like an evil spirit, has virtually eliminated the barriers of time and space.

Among Elbert Sorel's *Essais d'histoire et de critique* there is a celebrated essay upon 'Diplomacy and Progress.' I quote from this the following pertinent passage:—

Imagine a Richelieu, a Bismarck, a Louis XIV, a Frederick the Great, each seated in his office with a long-distance telephone at his elbow, discussing in a hasty dialogue the century-old conflicts of dynasties and nations. Side by side with the telephone that connects each man with his adversaries is another that connects him with his subordinates. A terse sentence issued between two replies, and the soldiers in their barracks don campaign equipment; locomotives get up steam. The long-distance dialogue becomes more animated, and troops begin to march toward the frontier. Human passions surge along the wires with the electric current that carries them. In an instant, almost, war is declared, and whole generations are hurled into a carnival of slaughter without knowing why.

Those lines were written in 1883, but were they not a prophecy of what happened in 1914? They are a brilliant example of how the study of history

gives a prophetic insight to intelligent and observing minds. One thing was not predicted: the long duration of the war, and consequently the destruction it wrought. Economists and financiers had asserted the very contrary. They insisted that European wars would be short, because governments could not raise money to prosecute them longer. Funds would run out before recruits. Economists did not dream of the immense credit that modern governments possess, and the extent to which they can force their paper promises-to-pay into circulation. Not that this fallacious font of riches was a novelty. Marco Polo, the Venetian voyager of the thirteenth century, relates that Genghis Khan used this device: 'Little cards bearing the seal of the great emperor.' Very easy that! Genghis Khan, however, had not invented the scheme, for Marco Polo relates that still earlier a Chinese sage had pointed out the fallacy of paper currency. This ancient economist wrote: —

In olden times the emperors of China began to issue paper money. One of the great ministers secured a vast revenue by this scheme; but it soon came about that for ten thousand bills you could scarcely buy a bowl of rice. The people were in misery and the government was ruined.

Historians have condemned the kings of France for debasing the currency. But if their coins were lighter, they were at least of metal. We might well be glad to have them to-day.

Besides, a great difference exists between modern currency inflation and the old inflation in China, or even in France in the days of the assignats. In 1914 governments enjoyed such credit that they were able to issue untold quantities of banknotes and for a long period, before it took ten thousand to buy a bowl of rice. Public confidence helped them create hundreds of billions in fictitious wealth, at the very mo-

ment they were destroying hundreds of billions of real wealth. The marvelous financial mechanism of our time, one of the fruits of our civilization, has done more perhaps than any other thing to ruin that civilization; because it has destroyed, behind the veil of an illusion, a great part of the wealth on which civilization was based.

We have learned at length that what we used to call accursed capital ought really to be called divine capital. Without it there can be none of that disinterested study to which we owe our discoveries and our inventions. When a medical education becomes too costly, where shall we find physicians? If every physician must devote his entire time to his practice, who will conduct the patient laboratory researches to which the profession owes its progress? Step by step with the wasting-away of capital has gone the impoverishment of the middle classes, that are the most solid support of civilization. From them come most of our men of talent and genius. Roman civilization fell when the middle classes of the cities fell. Learning, culture, and all the better things of life took shelter for centuries in monasteries, because in those days of universal pauperism the only men who could devote themselves to the labors of the intellect — to labors that did not bring an immediate material reward — were men who had neither wives nor children, men who were liberated from the sordid cares of material existence because they had abjured the things of this world.

Our century has taught us that, while civilization cannot exist without stable wealth, neither can it exist without stable government. War has produced tremendous changes in Europe. The map of Europe has reverted to its aspect in the Middle Ages. The restoration of Poland and of Bohemia — that we barbarously call Czechoslo-

vakia — is progress backward. But the European mind as well as European political geography has been shattered by the present revolution. Through the greater part of Europe monarchs, courts, and aristocracies formerly preserved a certain community of ideas, language, and manners, harking back to the days when Frederick the Great spoke French. In their place have appeared nationalist democracies that have no eye for aught beyond their boundaries, and that make of Europe a Tower of Babel. Our Western world has ceased to be governed by men who had an English nurse and a French tutor. Need we be surprised then to learn that the common European mind has vanished, and that insuperable barriers are growing up between nations? We can scarcely ask that muzhiks be educated as princes.

A superficial glance at the Europe of to-day and at the Europe before the war — or even of fifty or one hundred years ago — forces us to recognize that material civilization has declined as much as moral civilization. Railways are becoming archæological curiosities in Russia. And an archæologist would discover many other surprises there. In former times there were displayed in the Kremlin the cannon that the Russians captured in 1812 from the Grand Army. The inscription carved on the wall above these trophies was in the language of the enemy, — the universal language, — French. Possibly it still remains. But the Bolshevik mottoes are in Russian. To-day our ears are dinned with 'Proletarians of all countries unite.' But that battle cry sounds in a thousand tongues, and no shouter understands his neighbor.

Few and far between were the men of the nineteenth century who foresaw the possibility that our civilization would collapse, and above all, that it would collapse as promptly as it has.

In 1863 Sainte-Beuve asked what might be the condition and the thoughts of men a century hence, and he was torn between hope and fear. But there was one man of that day who was frankly a pessimist and who did not fear to proclaim calamities to come. That was Heinrich Heine, who eventually lost faith in both the French Revolution and in Germany, who counseled the French to beware of the Prince Royal of Prussia, and who painted the future — our present day — in the darkest colors. He was a true prophet in Israel. He never would have fancied that we could restore what we have destroyed by a formula or by waving a magic wand. He never would have fondly imagined that we could cure Europe in eight days by a Genoa Congress. He said: 'I advise our grandchildren to come into the world with thick hides on their backs.' That is a figure of speech to be taken literally, for we must have thick-hided men to survive the buffeting of fortune to-day.

Do I mean that we must despair of Europe and of civilization? Men should never despair. History unrolls before our eyes a succession of declines and recoveries. What she does not display to us in the past is a civilization so sure of itself, so proud of its progress, that has been so suddenly smashed by the incompetence of its leaders. What a lesson in modesty to the human race! I have one fear. It is that the lesson may be lost on our quack reconstructors, who are as conceited and as incompetent as the destroyers of yesterday. At the very best, it will take years and years for Europe to get back to where she was comparatively a few months ago. And she never will recover that lost ground unless she is constantly alert to ward off an invasion of anarchy from the East.

Among the men now appealing to the ear of the public we can distinguish two

kinds. There are men who constantly reiterate the same thing over and over without change — things that are no longer pertinent or true. Such men keep talking of inevitable and indefinite progress as if nothing had happened since 1914. There are other men who study and note and comprehend causes and effects, and who inquire whether it will not be necessary to assume that we are in a period of decadence instead of a period of progress.

It is well to ponder upon this possibility. It may teach us to value at their true worth the things we are likely to lose and inspire us to new efforts to preserve them. Pessimism discourages some men and stimulates others. History viewed under one aspect is a school of skepticism; under another, a school of inspiration.

In the beginning of this article I sought a literal definition of civilization and failed to find it. Let me conclude by giving a philosophical definition. I owe it to Charles Maurras, who has described civilization as 'a social state where the individual who comes into the world finds incomparably more there than he brings with him.' In other words, civilization is first of all capital. In the second place, it is capital passed on from one generation to another. For knowledge, ideas, technical skill, and morality constitute

capital as much as do material things. Capital and tradition — tradition is passing on — are two words inseparable from the idea of civilization. Let either of these be destroyed and civilization is in danger. Any vast process of destruction, any revolt of the individual against wholesome restraint, any brutal break with the past, is equally a blow to civilization. That is the lesson that the war should teach us. It also points to a remedy. The day for vaunting our progress has passed. The future should be dedicated to the humble shrines of labor, discipline, and patience. We have other things to rebuild besides our private fortunes, ravaged fields, ruined buildings, and mutilated monuments. Humility — that is the lesson the European catastrophe teaches.

We still see men called statesmen who imagine all that is necessary to restore Europe is to form a corporation with twenty million pounds sterling capital! There is no more crushing proof of the decadence of human wit than that no Swift or Voltaire has risen to laugh these solemn follies from the public stage. We need a restored public mind as much as a restored balance of trade. When we awaken some morning to discover that we have the equivalent of *Candide* and of *Gulliver*, then we may say that civilization has at last recovered.

WHITHER TENDS RELIGION?

A GERMAN SPECULATION

BY R. R. COUDENHOVE-KALERGI

From *Neue Freie Presse*, February 16
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SOCRATES

HELLAS had her age of enlightenment two thousand years before Europe — the age of the Sophists.

This era of enlightenment in Greece was like the corresponding era later in Europe, a rationalist reaction against religion, authority, and tradition. The substance of its teaching was skepticism in intellectual things and egoism in material things. It culminated in Protagoras, who taught the relativity of all spiritual and sensuous values.

First the educated people, then the common people, drifted away from the popular belief in the Olympic gods. This era of enlightenment led to materialism, and materialism led to demoralization and decadence. Greek culture stood on the verge of an abyss.

Then a man appeared who halted universal disintegration. It was Socrates.

He subjugated the chaos of values by coining new values; he substituted for immorality a new morality, for skepticism a new truth, for materialism a new idealism.

Hellas followed him. Plato and Aristotle developed the metaphysical side of his doctrine. Zeno and Epicurus perfected the ethical side. A Socratic doctrine accommodated to the age replaced the outlived Homeric religion. The Sophists were defeated; Greek culture instead of dying revived, invigorated by a new religion that informed and vitalized the perfect blossom of Hellenism.

Thus Socrates was the savior of the ancient world.

GOETHE

Protagoras was the negative pole of the Sophist doctrine; Socrates was the positive pole.

The negative pole of Europe's era of enlightenment was Voltaire; the positive was Goethe.

In this instance, as in the earlier instance, a creative mind opposed itself to a critical mind; a religious mind to a skeptical mind. A rational enlightenment superseded an irrational enlightenment.

Socrates and Goethe gave new faiths to their irreligious ages. They discovered in their own evolved humanity new sources of values. They did not turn back to the myths and superstitions of their fathers; and yet they were at heart closer to the dying popular religion than to the irreligion of their contemporaries.

Socrates substituted monotheism for Homeric polytheism. Goethe substituted pantheism for Christian monotheism. Each steered the bark of his doctrine between the Scylla of superstition and the Charybdis of unbounded incredulity toward purer forms of faith.

Goethe was religious without being a Christian; he believed in standards and values without being a moralist. Thus he became the prophet of a new religion, the teacher of a new ethics. This religion was pantheistic; these ethics were æsthetic.

NIETZSCHE

As Plato developed the Socratic religion, so did Nietzsche develop the Goethe religion.

Goethe is the classicist of the religion of the future; Nietzsche is its romanticist. Goethe's personality was harmonious; Nietzsche's personality was heroic. Goethe was healthy; Nietzsche was morbid.

Nietzsche's discordance was due to the fact that he received the inheritance, not only of Goethe, but also of Voltaire; for he simultaneously fought both the era of enlightenment and Christianity. This double war gave him the double character of a messenger of rational enlightenment opposing religion and an intuitive prophet opposing irreligion.

Nietzsche's religious mission failed because of this discord. He went to extremes in his contests with an invigorated Christianity (Wagner), like most men of revolutionary temperament. From an anti-Christian he became an anti-moralist. Instead of recognizing and reverencing the heavenly beauty of love as the exaltation of individual being, the way Goethe did, he was blind to its value and beauty. In his exclusive worship of power, that culminated in the glorification of cruelty, his ethics became unbalanced and impossible of practical application. His great contemporary, Guyau, avoided this error. The latter's ethics, which culminated in love, were more superficial but more harmonious and fruitful than Nietzsche's brilliant fragment.

In spite of this cardinal defect of color blindness to the worth of love, Nietzsche is preëminently the author of the post-Christian doctrine of values; for he displaced the axis of the old system of values. The poles of that system were pleasure and pain. He substituted for them evolution and degeneration. He directed the ethical glance of mankind,

hitherto absorbed in the contemporary world, to the world of to-morrow. He was the first to draw logical ethical conclusions from the conquests of modern natural science. He sanctified the body above the soul, the will above the understanding. He drew his conceptions of ultimate value from the inexhaustible wells of beauty.

In his eyes the crown of creation was not the saint, but the hero; not the merciful, but the brave; not the tender-hearted, but the great-hearted; not the good, but the noble. He substituted for ethical ideals æsthetic ideals. Thus he became the Copernicus of philosophy; the Columbus of ethics.

Goethe and Nietzsche coined new values and new symbols for Europe's new conception of life. They were the leaders of Europe's great spiritual revolution, compared with which political revolutions shrink to mere food-riots. This was a revolution comparable only with the rise and extension of Christianity; for it anchored the drifting European mind again in nature and the cosmos, and thereby laid a foundation for the religion of the future, for the revision of our standards of values, for the salvation and renaissance of civilization.

NORTHLAND AND HELLAS

After centuries of submission to Buddhism, India eventually returned to her original religion. Europe is passing through the same experience. After more than a millennium of submission to alien Christian values, she is returning to the worship of her forefathers. Like Buddhism in India, Christianity is destined to be but an episode in the history of Europe.

The legitimate heirs of the two original religions of Europe are reascending the throne from which the Christian usurpers have descended: the hero worship of Europe's physical forefathers —

the Germans; the beauty worship of Europe's intellectual forefathers — the Greeks.

The myths of Edda and Odysseus remain buried; but the ideals of Edda and Odysseus have been resurrected. The metamorphosis of Paganism affected only its form, not its essence.

The heroic ideal of the Germans, that has maintained itself in defiance of Christianity in the ideals of chivalry, found its modern prophet in Nietzsche. The æsthetic ideal of the Greeks, that celebrated its resurrection in the Renaissance, evolved in Goethe into the future religion of Europe. Here Northland and Hellas — Faust and Helen — celebrated their marriage, and their son, Euphorion, is the ideal of heroic beauty.

Christianity's birth in Europe was announced by tempests; its decline is heralded by tempests. In the same way that the chaotic age between Attila and Charles the Great belongs neither to the ancient nor to the mediæval world, so the period since Luther belongs neither to the Middle Ages nor to the new era. The chaos that envelops us is the death agony of Christianity and the birth throes of a new age.

During the black night of our universal skepticism the spiritual compass of Europe, now that the magnetic mountain of Oriental Christianity has been removed by Science, is swinging back to the true North and South — pointing to the German and the Hellenic poles, to the heroic and æsthetic centres of attraction.

Christianity owes its spread to the cultural disintegration of the ancient world. It was accepted by the young German tribes, together with the rest of Roman civilization. The conversion of those tribes produced one of the most momentous paradoxes in the history of mankind. The Northern temperament was better fitted to receive the heroic

religion of Mithras or of Mohammed than the meek and self-denying teaching of Christ.

This paradox expressed itself during the Middle Ages in the discord between the ideals of chivalry and the ideals of the Church; it is the ultimate cause of the inherent falseness of modern European civilization, whose words and acts, whose ideals and interests, are in constant conflict with each other. A mutilated Paganism survives, with a bad conscience, behind the Christian mask. The moment has come to throw aside that mask, and to profess ourselves, honestly and with a clear conscience, believers in the enlightened Paganism of the future.

Europe's awakening from Christianity and skepticism to a recognition of the religion of heroic beauty is merely being true to herself, is a return to her own ideals, is a spiritual emancipation from an alien and Oriental overlord.

PROPHETS

We can already discern in outline the heroic-æsthetic, Nordic-Hellenic, Dionysian-Apollonian religion of Nietzsche and Goethe.

It is revealing itself under different names and forms in every land of Europe. It has gradually unsettled the materialism of the nineteenth century, so that this has already lost status and become the doctrine of the half-educated. The modern poetry and art of Europe are full of the new teachings.

The priests and prophets of the heroic and æsthetic faith of the future are the artists. True art is not only æsthetic — it is also heroic. In this new religion, art for the first time is accorded the position to which she is entitled. Christianity used art as a dispensable ornament; the age of enlightenment did not comprehend her meaning; the religion of the future sets her at the very centre of its temple.

For it is the function of art to give men images and symbols of harmony and strength — to lead men out of the ugly and the commonplace into a future realm of heroic beauty. The religious mission of art in the new era will be political and pedagogical, in the loftiest meaning of those words. Its function will be not to please and to entertain, but to mould mankind in a new image.

We cannot name here all the heralds of Europe's coming religion; for with a few exceptions every European poet proclaims this faith, even those who, like Novalis, Peladan, and Claudel, cling outwardly to the beautiful ideals and forms of Christianity. The place of such men is like that of the Stoics of the late Roman period, who in spite of their professed Paganism were the forerunners of Christian moralists.

Some conscious champions of the new religious age stress its heroic aspects, others stress its æsthetic element.

In Germany, Goethe and Nietzsche, and above all Hölderlin, Hebbel, and George and Thomas Mann, have proclaimed both the æsthetic and the heroic ideal; in England, Oscar Wilde was the prophet of beauty, and Carlyle the prophet of heroism; in Austria, Altenberg discovered the eternal law of beauty in everyday life; in France, the philosopher Guyau conceived a theory of man's relation to the universe, based on beauty; in Italy, D'Annunzio combines the beauty worship of Wilde with the hero worship of Nietzsche, and revives the ideals of his great countryman, Giordano Bruno, the earliest pioneer and prophet of Europe's coming religion.

This coming religion will incorporate with the Paganism of the North and the South all the beauty which Christianity has bestowed upon Europe. Christianity will disappear; but it will leave its inheritance to enrich its spiritual successors. Its bequest to the reli-

gion of beauty and heroism will be the idea of love, an idea that will survive the source of its origin.

Thus all the streams of the present and the past, no matter how far apart the fonts from which they spring, will meet in a single ocean.

WORLD CONCEPT

The coming world concept will be harmonious and dynamic. In place of the outgrown dualism of body and soul we shall have a new dualism of power and form.

We conceive the world as a complex of forces that obey mathematical laws; or else we conceive it as an all-embracing life, obeying the laws of harmony.

Our inner consciousness conceives as life what our outer consciousness perceives as force. The vitalist and the dynamic concepts of the world differ from each other only in point of view.

The Copernican world no longer revolves around pleasure and pain, good and evil; humanity is no longer the centre of the universe, but merely a blossom on the earth tree in the forest of the stars. Important as pain and pleasure, good and evil, may seem from the human standpoint, they are negligible when valued from the cosmic standpoint.

World and nature stand outside of good and evil, but not outside of law; they are not moral, but beautiful. Their law is harmony, which rules all things from the electron to the Milky Way. It also governs men. The inconsistencies involved in an ethical conception of the Deity have led us, first into a system of sophistical paradoxes, then into atheism. The æsthetic conception of God leads us out of this labyrinth and preserves for us both God and ultimate values. Ethics is rooted in human society, æsthetics in divine nature.

Beauty as a principle of life produces a more comprehensive theory of values

than ethics; since beauty embraces ethical values, it abolishes the dualism in values, that contradiction between virtue and beauty that has sown dissension within the European soul and made that soul untrue to itself.

SUPERETHICS

Christian ethics does not derive its values from the Aristotelian concept of the world; but it does not contradict that concept. Similarly our future doctrine of ultimate values, or superethics, will not be derived from the modern world concept, although it will never contradict that concept.

Superethical values will have their source in the æsthetic demands of human instinct.

In ethics the individual obeys a standard set by society; in superethics he will obey the laws of the cosmos, which his æsthetic instinct will reveal to him.

Nature has but one categorical imperative — the imperative of beauty. She bids the flowers to bloom, the trees to grow, the animals to reproduce — all beings to be beautiful, strong, perfect. It is the supreme duty of every living thing to attain its specific beauty.

Superethics bids man not to choose the agreeable nor the easy, but the fruitful. It enjoins him to obey ideals instead of interests. In this command to seek beauty valiantly, the heroic ideal fuses with the æsthetic, every heroic act becomes beautiful, and every act of

sacrifice for the sake of beauty becomes heroic.

A man's value depends on the perfection of his body, character, and mind. In a complete and final world there will be no sin and no merit; but there will be defects and excellencies, for there will be a gradation of values. An inferior person is guiltless of his defects, but he is none the less inferior; a superior person acquires no moral merit by virtue of his gifts, but he is none the less superior. A perfect rose is fairer than a rose deformed; a diamond is more beautiful than coal.

In the same way that the beauty of a flower or a precious gem is an end in itself, so human beauty is its own reward.

What is beauty? Maximum vitality and harmony.

What gives pleasure? Maximum vitality and harmony.

What is of ultimate value? Maximum vitality and harmony.

Maximum vitality expresses itself in power and wisdom, in love and fruitfulness, in growth and activity, in freedom and courage. Harmony expresses itself physically as health, mentally as wisdom, morally as nobility — in inner harmony with one's self, in loving harmony with one's fellow men, in religious harmony with the All.

The ultimate end of all superethics is beauty; its way of attainment, courage. Beauty and courage are the end and the path to Europe's salvation.

THE HISTORY BEHIND THE CONFERENCE

BY VICTOR MOGENS

[The following article is by a Norwegian editor.]

From *Deutsche Politik*, January 15
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Two notable facts at the Washington Conference were the submarine controversy between France and England and the silence observed as to freedom of the seas. England opposes both. This may seem a contradiction, for the submarine threatens freedom of the seas. A government opposing the submarine might therefore be expected to champion the latter. But this does not hold true.

International law provides certain rules for the conduct of war on land. Private property is inviolable. When an enemy invades a country he has no right to seize the property of its peaceful citizens without compensation. Although that rule of warfare on land has been observed for more than a hundred years, it has not been possible to make it cover war upon the waters. Every attempt to secure protection for private property on the sea has been defeated by the opposition of Great Britain.

Many governments have protested violently against the assertion of a right to despoil private owners in time of war of their property afloat. Prussia, and later Germany, made several efforts to secure a modification of this practice. The United States has done the same, declaring plainly that 'pillaging is contrary to modern international law.' But England has steadily asserted her 'right' to seize the goods of enemy subjects wherever they are found upon the ocean.

Other countries have tried to regulate the rules of naval warfare by separate conventions. As early as 1785 Prussia and the United States concluded a treaty guaranteeing the safety of private vessels and cargoes, even though they might be contraband. Following Prussia's war with Denmark and with Austria, these governments returned their captures at sea to the owners. After the war of 1870 and 1871 Prussia proposed the same thing to France; but that country rejected the proffer. After the World War the victorious nations divided among themselves the Norwegian vessels captured legally by Germany while they were engaged — under compulsion — in transporting goods to England.

The first step toward a better sea-law was the Paris Declaration of 1856. England agreed on this occasion to abolish privateering. Henceforth only governments enjoyed the right to capture the private property of enemy subjects at sea. On the same occasion England conceded that, with the exception of contraband, enemy cargoes under neutral flags and neutral cargoes under enemy flags should be free from seizure. Unhappily neither this agreement nor any later understanding defined contraband; so England virtually disregarded the agreement during the World War, by including among contraband goods practically everything between heaven and earth.

The London Declaration of 1909

was intended to supplement and to define more clearly the rules regarding contraband in the Paris Declaration. But the later agreement had not been ratified when the war broke out. On August 6, 1914, the United States asked all belligerents to recognize this Declaration as binding. On August 19 Germany gave her consent. England replied with certain reservations and amendments; but in practice she refused to obey either the Paris or the London Declarations and returned to the practice of nearly a century before, seizing as prizes all enemy goods, even though under neutral flags and non-contraband.

Germany's answer to England's violation of these recognized principles of naval warfare was the submarine. Unwise as it was, — for the submarines injured us neutrals, and Germany herself, more than they did the enemy, — this measure taught England that submarines were the most dangerous weapon assailing her supremacy at sea, and the only weapon with which an otherwise weaker enemy might successfully defy her fleet and endanger her communications. That is why she waged a bitter campaign against submarines at Washington, even though it was her friend and ally, France, that sought to use them.

No criticism can be made of this opposition; but the arguments brought forward to support it were neither convincing nor plausible. Naturally the noblest motives were asserted, and submarines were condemned in the name of humanity; Balfour called them 'instruments of illegal warfare.' Yet if you appeal to such arguments as these, they are just as effective against England's conduct in using her fleet to starve sixty million German non-combatants. In that case, also, every vessel in the British navy was engaged in 'illegal warfare.'

Let us now return to the notable fact that the freedom of the seas was not discussed at Washington. No principles of law were laid down there that were designed to protect private property at sea the way such property is now protected on land.

In this respect the Washington Conference differs from the last great Disarmament Conference, held at The Hague in 1907. During the war much capital was made of the fact that Germany's opposition to disarmament defeated the purpose of The Hague meeting. That claim, however, is not true. The failure of the Conference was due primarily to England's refusal to allow the question of private property at sea to come before the Conference. At the previous Hague Conference, in 1899, the United States presented such a proposal, with the support of Holland and Germany. England demanded that it be not discussed, on the pretext that it was not a question that properly should come before that meeting. When President von Martens suggested that the Conference adopt a resolution in favor of bringing this topic before a later Conference, England, France, and Russia voted against it. Nevertheless, the motion was carried.

At the second Hague Conference Germany brought up the American proposal again, but England defeated it. Germany's argument was as follows: So long as England with her superior fleet is able to seize German private property in time of war, we are compelled to defend that property and our maritime trade to the best of our ability; therefore we must have a strong navy. But if England will give up the right of seizure, we will immediately discuss reducing armaments, not only on the sea but also on land. England refused this rational proposal for a general reduction of armaments, and was supported in her stand by Russia

and France. The second Hague Conference failed because England insisted on her right to seize private property at sea. We saw during the late war how important this was for England, and we saw also what it would have meant for Germany had freedom of the sea been enforced by international law.

The only practical accomplishment of the Hague Conference of 1907, so far as naval law was concerned, was the adoption of an international agreement regarding prizes captured at sea. That agreement was rejected by the British Upper House. England is true to her traditions. She knows where her real power lies: in supremacy at sea. She knows that the moment freedom of the seas is accepted her power will begin to wane.

The last attempt to assert the right to the freedom of the seas occurred in 1918, just before the Peace Conference. Wilson included this among his Fourteen Points, the second of which read: 'Absolute freedom of navigation upon the sea outside the territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants.' Wilson's idea was to have the freedom of the seas guaranteed by the League of Nations, and to empower the League to outlaw a nation at sea in case that nation refused to obey the League. Freedom of the seas was also among the five main demands of the American Peace Delegation.

This was the only one of the Fourteen Points that England formally declared she could not accept. The situation was rather embarrassing. Wilson extricated himself from it rather lamely, by saying that he had overlooked the fact that when we had a League of Nations explicit recognition of freedom of the seas would be un-

necessary, for all armies and navies would be in the service of the League. Since he did not wish any superfluous point to be brought up, he preferred to eliminate this one.

So England succeeded in preventing the adoption of this principle; but, as had always occurred previously, her victory cost the world an enormous sum. America declared that since freedom of the seas was not assured she must build a huge navy. She added later: Unless a radical programme of naval disarmament is adopted at Versailles, we shall have to build a navy powerful enough to insure us against the possibility that our commerce may be interfered with by England's insistence upon the right to seize private property at sea. Secretary-of-the-Navy Daniels presented a programme calling for twenty-six battleships and one hundred and thirty other vessels, to be completed within three years. He asserted that such a programme would strengthen President Wilson's hands. When a member of the Naval Committee asked him whether the Secretary believed it would be an important diplomatic advantage for Wilson to be able to say that America would build a huge navy if England did not consent to a limitation of armaments, Daniels replied: 'It is my firm conviction that unless the building of war vessels is terminated by a general agreement at Versailles, the United States must devote all her energy, men, and resources to creating a navy incontestably stronger than any other navy in the world.' He added, in reply to further questions, that this policy was endorsed by President Wilson.

The Versailles Conference, as all the world knows, was not a Conference for the limitation of armaments — except in case of Germany. When the mighty statesmen of the Big Four departed their several ways, they had

blessed the world with a new era of war preparation. England's refusal to guarantee the inviolability of private property at sea forced the Great Powers to make new sacrifices for their security, so great that they threw all former sacrifices in the shade. America made good her threat; she did not arm for imperialistic objects, but for the safety of her merchant marine. America's naval competition with England forced Japan to follow.

This new competition by America brought England to a pause. She could not carry indefinitely the economic burdens that competition with America involved. Her rulers foresaw the day when their country would no longer be equal to two or three other powers upon the sea, but would fall to second rank. Perhaps by that time freedom of the seas would be enforced. These gloomy prospects made England ready to accept America's invitation to a Disarmament Conference. She could reap nothing but profit from such a meeting. It enabled her to retain her position as the leading naval power at much less cost than previously.

Now England is trying to outlaw the submarine, the only weapon that threatens her absolute supremacy at sea. Meanwhile France insists upon having a powerful submarine fleet — a project that Great Britain considers directed against herself.

Why does not France insist upon freedom of the seas? Because it would be humiliating to copy Germany. For more than a century Germany championed this ideal and made sacrifices to attain it. France knows that England would reply: 'Did Clemenceau help Lloyd George in 1918 to persuade Wilson to drop this demand, merely that she might renew it herself in Washington in 1922?' France is enjoined by

her past from such a course; and the Republican Administration at Washington does not see the necessity of taking up one of Wilson's Points.

During the war, naturally France had to support England's stand on the submarines, because they were being used by Germany. But the real opinion of French naval authorities was very different, as we have recently learned from the Castex controversy.

Undoubtedly it is an excellent thing for the Washington Conference to adopt regulations looking toward a more humane method of conducting submarine warfare than the Germans used; but such regulations are worthless scraps of paper so long as the strongest naval power maintains the right to seize private property at sea. The next time a Power fighting England sees its ports blockaded, the property of its subjects captured and confiscated, neutrals terrorized, and its home population threatened by blockade and famine, that Power will resort to unrestricted submarine warfare as its only recourse. A country in that situation will be forced to regard the Washington regulations as mere scraps of paper; and the threat to treat the crews of captured submarines as pirates will count for nothing in the minds of men who volunteer for that perilous service. The Washington agreements will be a futile threat and mere incitements to savagery.

Consequently the submarine cannot be suppressed nor regulated until freedom of the seas is recognized as a principle of law by every great Power, until private property at sea is just as sacred in war time as private property on land, and until it is made impossible for one government to enforce a blockade that brings starvation to the non-combatant population of an enemy country.

ARMY SYNDICALISM IN SPAIN

BY A SPANISH CORRESPONDENT

From *The Nation and The Athenæum*, February 25
(LITERARY AND POLITICAL WEEKLY)

So little is known outside Spain itself of the true causes of that internal unrest which has recently resulted in the latest Ministerial crisis, that a brief summary of the events which preceded the present crisis may be of interest even to the general public. The more so as this crisis is but an acute incident in the struggle for ascendancy by a military caste, such as may occur almost any day in many other countries — the culminating point of a conflict between the Civil Power and the Army which has been going on for four years.

In June 1917, officers of all arms formed, without the knowledge of the military authorities, *juntas* or 'syndicates' whose object was to intervene in the administration and internal organization of the Army. At their inauguration these '*juntas* of defense,' as they were called, were in reality a protest against the system of favoritism and nepotism which was practised in the distribution of advancements and rewards. The movement was, indeed, one of revolt against those in supreme command of the Army and a certain personage of exalted rank, who were accused of governing the great military community in too arbitrary a manner.

These *juntas* linked together representatives of almost every grade of military rank from lieutenant to colonel. The more enterprising members endeavored to represent this movement to the nation as one of regeneration, likely to spread from the restricted sphere of the Army to other circles of national life. This attempt to gain public sympathy

failed, however, owing to the innate distrust with which the Spanish people habitually regard their military. The activities of the *juntas* aroused feeling in the people beyond a passive curiosity.

It is obvious that at the outset the *juntas* met with much hostility from those in command of the Army, and from the highly placed personage. They were an infringement of military discipline, and changed a state of affairs which had up till then buttressed the monarchy fairly well. But the new movement was so unanimous and so firmly established that finally the sagacious opportunism which is such a marked characteristic of a certain exalted person prompted an attitude of tolerance towards the strong, and won the battle for the *juntas* in the hope of encouraging an attitude of personal and unconditional devotion.

The inertia of the Government, which imagined that this movement was nothing but an internal dispute of the Army, manoeuvred partly by a few public men working in their own interests, assisted considerably in the triumph of the *juntas*. It is interesting to note that the present Minister of War, Señor Cierva, now the chief enemy of the *juntas*, was originally one of their most ardent supporters, and owned his previous tenure of this position to them. As it was impossible to allow the continuation of a secret organization such as the *juntas* were, the Government conceived the brilliant idea of legalizing them by Royal Decree, and altering their name from *Juntas de Defensa* (League of De-

fense) to *Juntas Informativas* (Advisory League). Thus confirmed, the juntas took on themselves the task of reorganizing the Army.

Unfortunately the activities of the juntas were not limited to military matters. The Spanish people, who had followed their development with great suspicion, saw without surprise that, far from aiding in the promised regeneration of public life, the juntas had become an arm in the hands of the most reactionary elements in the country. No sooner did the political weathercock begin to veer towards Liberalism than the secret influence of the juntas caused the four Cabinets preceding the present one to be swept from power.

'Let those govern who will not permit others to govern' was the cry uttered by Señor Maura, in a moment of frankness. But the party of the juntas, perhaps knowing their own limitations, perhaps restrained by those who did not dare openly to defy public opinion, refused to accept the whole responsibility of power, and preferred the less dangerous task of governing through back-stairs influence. And so the juntas, whose original programme included steps for the regeneration of the country and the curbing of the political anarchy which is engulfing Spain, have yet tolerated and encouraged three years of suspension of constitutional rights, the fierce repression of Syndicalism in Catalonia, the persecution of the Andalusian Labor movement, and the de facto swamping of all spheres of Civil Power.

As a crowning incident we have the disaster of Melilla, revealing the criminal incompetence of the military authorities, and the opposition of the juntas to the public demand for an open examination of facts, while secretly working to throw all the blame on the High Command and a certain high personage suspected of a desire to concentrate the direction of military affairs

in his own hands. The General Staff declared that it had not been consulted for some considerable time on the campaign in Morocco, and its chief ostentatiously resigned.

A military judge was then sent to Melilla to inquire into the facts of the case; the juntas replied with grave charges against the Minister of War — charges which have not been made public — and (so it is said) demanded the dismissal of the High Commissioner. There followed, after a few days, the Ministerial crisis which, in the foreign press, has been called 'mysterious' and 'inexplicable.' Yet, for those acquainted with the undercurrents of Spanish politics, it is neither. Once again, this time more acutely than ever, the Civil Power and militarism struggling to subdue it have come to grips.

It is well known already in Spain that even in the juntas themselves there are certain disagreements, and the Government seized what was considered an opportune moment to declare war on the organization. No other Government could do this better and with greater chances of success. The Cabinet presided over by Señor Maura is a coalition one, representing all parties, with two exceptions, and having an enormous majority in Parliament. Thus the moment seemed propitious to break the power of the juntas, and Señor Cierva carefully prepared the Royal Decree modifying their power so as practically to dissolve the whole organization.

All was ready, and depended only on the attitude which the King would adopt. It was rumored that this time, in view of the strong current of public opinion and of the internal dissensions of these bodies, the King would incline to the Civil Power, although till then he had considered the juntas one of the strongest props of the present régime. But on the Decree being presented by Señor Cierva, the King refused to sign

it. Without losing a moment, Señor Maura sent in the resignation of the entire Cabinet, publishing at the same time a most memorable note. For the first time in modern Spanish history we saw a Monarchist and even Nationalist Government resigning because — so ran the declaration — the King refused to accept a measure deemed necessary by the entire Government.

Señor Maura's note came as a clap of thunder. It announced the triumph of militarism and the death of Civil Power. What cabinet could be formed to replace the fallen one? Not a responsible politician would care to undertake such a task. At the same time it was obvious that the nation would not tolerate a military cabinet.

This trend of public opinion became insistent, and in Madrid manifestations and scenes of disorder occurred in the streets. Señor Sanchez Guerza, President of the Chamber of Deputies, who was named as a possible successor to Señor Maura, was hooted by Radicals and Monarchists together. Crowds paraded the streets, crying, 'Down with the juntas!' All politicians called in by the King for advice offered but one solution — the ratification of Señor Maura's powers and the submission of the juntas; the alternative meant something very near to revolution or civil war in the immediate future.

What actually solved the situation is unknown. Whether an agreement was arrived at between the King and the

juntas can only be vaguely surmised. The facts are that Señor Maura was recalled and the Decree signed.

Such is, in brief outline, the history of the most serious crisis of the reign of Alfonso XIII. It is impossible to remain blind to the light shed by it on the complete disintegration of Spanish political life, or to deny that these recent events will be but the forerunners of far graver troubles. The paradox presented by the sight of Monarchists of the Left wing timidly pleading for the juntas and Señor Cierva — the most reactionary and dictatorial of men, hero of the Bloody Week of Barcelona, hated by all Socialists and to-day supported by the Radicals — is an added proof of the chaos of Spanish political life.

For the moment, amidst this scene of what *El Sol* of Madrid terms 'Balkanism' (as understood in pre-war days), Spanish militarism has apparently been muzzled. But the public is far from satisfied, suspecting, as it does, compromises, dishonest as they are hidden, and giving only an appearance of safety; while the juntas remain in reality the Black Hand which guides the troubled destinies of the country. This state of affairs is the more remarkable, and the less likely to remain stable, when we remember the fundamental anti-militarism of the Spanish people, and their lack of esteem for a class at whose door they lay almost all the blame for the calamities which have fallen on Spain for the last two centuries.

IL PULCINELLA

BY CECIL ROBERTS

From *To-Day, March*
(LITERARY QUARTERLY)

WE were tired when we reached Stresa in the crimson flush of the August evening. The blue of Lago di Maggiore had taken on a darker tone, and there was night on the slopes of snow-crowned Monte Leone, which looked down from ice-bound fields to the summer luxuriance of the Borromean Islands.

We had just returned from the ascent of Monte Mottarone, one of those comfortable mountains which reward one not only with a grand expanse of famous ranges, but also with a feeling of achievement. Dinner by the lake shore at Stresa, in the Italian twilight, with the soft lapping of lake water and the distant guitar of an itinerant musician, seemed a fitting close to such a day of wonders.

With gratitude, therefore, we found a small hotel garden, the music sufficiently distant, the menu attractive — perfect that night, I remember; and the wine — but whenever did Asti fail to grace the board? And on this evening the waiter also suited the *mise-en-scène*. He had the black curly hair of a faun, with horns hidden somewhere, and there was almost what might be called a sylvan grace to his lithe young body. He seemed the familiar of things that lived in woods and mountain recesses. Anything might have happened with him there. He filled the little lanterned garden with an air of incredible romance. Once, when he stood peering over into the darkness down where the half-dozen boats fretted

on the marge, we hardly drew breath; now might old Triton blow his wreathed horn, and the whole of us suffer a lake-change into something —

There! What was it? My companion looked up. He had heard it and turned in the direction of the sound along the plane-tree-sheltered promenade, where a dozen semi-naked children, belonging to the boatmen, scampered in the dusk. It was a familiar though unfamiliar sound, remotely connected with childhood. It permeated the purple atmosphere and that strange pantomime scenery of blue waters, crimson mountains, and rose-flushed islands with a plaintive invitation.

A moment later we saw the cause. Preceded by a rabble of lovely Italian children, — being sunbrowned they never look dirty, — under the arch of the plantains marched a tiny boy of some six years. He was dressed in faded red tights, that hung loosely on his thin little legs. His face was painted white, which made his smile ghastly in the twilight, and as he walked he tapped on a small drum slung across his thigh. Behind him, thus heralded, walked his lord and master, as great a contrast as human nature can present. He was a powerfully built Italian, dressed as Pantaloon. His massive face peered over an enormous ruffle, and the strength of his physique could not be hidden by the voluminous color-patched trousers that ballooned from his ankles to his thighs. To heighten the contrast, he played gravely on a

long trombone. After them came a following of urchins shouting and crying shrilly with excitement.

Suddenly, just as we became aware of it and had turned in our seats, the procession stopped. A stillness fell over the crowd while the Italian played a long trombone solo in the gathering darkness. They were strolling musicians — perhaps acrobats. But no! for, the solo finished, Pantaloon began a long speech.

Distance and dialect defeated us. Perhaps it was an appeal for money? Repeatedly we heard the word 'Trattoria.' Experience, a continuous thirst, and a taste for Chianti, had taught us the meaning of 'trattoria.' These were the players, or some of them, and there was to be a performance at an inn.

The speech ended, there was a profound bow, born, we felt, of centuries of tradition. The little boy beat the drum, the trombone again sounded, the procession moved off into the darkness.

'My friend,' I said, 'we have heard the veritable Prologue to *I Pagliacci* — Good Ladies and Gentlemen, a moment I pray you; I am the Prologue.' But my friend was too excited to answer. The dinner was spoiled; the ice-cooled Asti could not hold him. We must see the players.

Hastily departing, we tried to catch up the procession, but darkness and a strange village of villainous-looking streets defeated us. Our only clue would be the noise of a drum sounded in a trattoria. Twice we traversed the town, peered in at every trattoria doorway — upon strange scenes where dark men ate garlic and curly-headed children rolled on the floor amid hens, dogs, and cats. Then luck rewarded us.

A small gathering at the entrance to a long passage attracted our attention. From the far end came a babel of voices, children's mostly, amid a blaze of colored lanterns. We entered, trav-

ersed the long corridor, and emerged on a scene that was not of this century.

It was an inn yard, roofed in from the velvet night with a great vine that clambered along the trellis work overhead. The thickness of the vine was such that no starshine penetrated, while amid it hung a few shaded electric lights (from a water-power source), which shone upon bunches of lovely green grapes. The inn windows opened on to one side of this yard, their green shutters thrown back; in the open spaces were silhouettes of men, bare-throated and black-hatted, drinking red wine.

The inn yard itself was crowded with small cross benches, just, perhaps, as in the pit of an Elizabethan theatre. On these benches sat about a hundred small Italian children, all chattering excitedly. I found myself wishing that I had the artist's gift of hasty portraiture. The children of Italy are the stuff of which great masterpieces are made; here were the infants of a hundred famous Madonnas. They sat there, half-naked, lovely-limbed, bronzed, with heads of black flowing curls, dark lustrous eyes, red lips, and even white teeth. Their intense excitement heralded something wonderful and unusual, and the excitement passed to the fathers and mothers seated behind, drinking wine at small tables.

No, these were not the players, but something as venerable — the origin of many players, perhaps. This was 'Il Pulcinella,' the real traditional Il Pulcinella from which was descended our own poor English travesty of Punch and Judy, the emasculated version which had found its way into England in the reign of Queen Anne, to remain here for the delight of generations of children and elders. But just as we in England may not know the flavor of the peach plucked ripe from

overhead, so may we not know the real Punch and Judy. We had stepped suddenly out of the night into the fifteenth century.

The front of the Punch and Judy show was hand-painted, its drop scene being of a futuristic design, for all its age. On the tiny platform where the drama was to be enacted, burned two ancient brass oil lamps. They must have lighted these festivities for many generations.

Quietly we made our way to an obscure corner, conscious of being a very modern note in the whole scale of color and romance. Humbly we sat in the shadow and asked for a flask of wine. At that moment a bell tinkled behind the curtain, and the voice we had heard under the plantains began a long chant while the audience listened intently. It was probably the Prologue, — in rhyme, maybe, — the same Prologue recited by long dead generations of showmen, inheritors of a great tradition.

The chant ended, the curtain rose, revealing a hand-painted background of a street down which Dante might have walked. Then up came Punch, to be hailed with shrieks of joy by those children. Through one hour we sat entranced. Not a word of that carefully enunciated dialogue could we follow — the wit, the drollery all passed by us; but we watched it reflected in the faces of those enthralled children, their faces puckered with laughter or wrinkled with commiseration.

When the curtain fell, ten chimed from the campanile, but somehow we felt this could not be the end. From his obscurity the showman came out, still in motley, and taking a guitar, his face illumined by the oil flares, he sang to us a ballad. It was very tender, and there were tears in the dark, long-lashed eyes of the maidens. This ended, with ceremonious bows he toured the audience, hat in hand, reaping a gen-

erous harvest, with many 'Gracias.' Then he disappeared, the bell tinkled, the chatter was suddenly stilled, and the drama proceeded.

It was the full, unexpurgated story of Punch and Judy. Maybe it had many current and local allusions; we knew not, but there were many characters unknown to our English version. The stage was crowded with a succession of puppets cleverly manipulated. There was the peasant and the king, the priest and the ugly daughter, the stammerer and the soldier, the lawyer and the judge. There were tremendous duels with staffs, such fast, furious duels and beatings that the audience rose to its feet and cried, 'Brava! Brava!' and the children on the edge clambered up the vine trellis to get a better view of the agitated spectators.

Eleven struck; again the curtain fell. This time we had no ballad, but the pale little boy in red tights came forth. A short speech announced his tricks. He was a jongleur; and, held aloft in the hands of the brawny Italian, the thin little fellow, fearfully we thought, performed his contortions and smiled feebly at the applause. We were not unhappy when this was over and the curtain rose on the final act, more breathless, with Punch extricating himself from ceaseless complications. It was a quarter past twelve when the curtain fell finally, and not a tired face showed in that appreciative audience.

Leaving the inn and the chattering crowd, we passed down the narrow street, under the high, shuttered windows and flowery balconies, and emerged on the lake front. The promenade was silent and deserted and we looked upon a scene of incredible beauty. The moonlight fell on the dark water, the dim outlines of the mountains, the distant Borromean Islands terraced with lights, and the lake shore fringed with white villas.

On our way back to Baverno the grass was jeweled with glowworms, the trees faintly stirred in the hot air, and the wind sang in the tall cypress, standing, like a Noah's-Ark tree, the black sentinel of a garden or harbor walk. Across the lake Pallanza glittered, but not so brightly as the clear stars overhead.

As we walked in the night silence, broken only by the incessant chirp of the grasshopper, we reflected that the drama we had seen was a part of this

land of beauty and romance, a cherished heirloom, faithfully handed down from generation to generation of these childlike people.

It was the drama immortal. Three hundred years hence children bright and beautiful as these would laugh and cry at Punch and Judy; long after we had gone to the Silence. For Punch and Judy were not human products, as we—so mortal. We were really the show; the puppets had achieved immortality.

HOW THE BOILER WAS BROUGHT

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF PRODUCTION

BY N. FAL'KOVSKII

From *Moscow Izvestiya*, January 10
(SOVIET OFFICIAL DAILY)

THE factory was idle. Buildings a thousand feet long stood gloomy, lifeless, with rows of dark windows looking down upon the yard, which was whitened with piles of birch cord-wood. The machines were silent; no longer did their cheerful clang and whir radiate from the depths of the buildings into the surrounding fields and forests. The slender smokestacks no longer competed with each other in throwing out the dark, undulating curls of smoke with which the wind so loved to play. Everything was dead; the unsleeping water-pump alone disturbed the stillness with its sighs.

Autumn came. The birch and poplar woods took on a more and more golden hue. The field work was nearing an end, but the factory stood idle. The workers, maddened with doing nothing,

were quarreling among themselves over nothing, were often drunk from home-brew; they brawled, and at brief intervals between card games they abused everything and everybody.

The old men sneered maliciously: 'Eh! The bosses, you did n't like them! "We 'll get along by ourselves!" you said. Well, you see now, do you get along? And what a fine life it was before — there was enough bread, enough of everything. You got, say, three rubles — you could buy the whole market out, and could besides drop into the saloon or beer-house. Well, what's the use of talking! Now you have tried it without bosses, and still stupidity has not been driven out of you.'

The factory was not working. During the hydraulic tests the main steam-generating boiler had exploded. The

second boiler was at the end of its days. The third boiler was used mainly for the water pump and it could not be used for other purposes.

The machines were standing motionless. Hundreds of people were doing nothing. All repairs had been made, and the master mechanics were making with their own hands pails, pans, and other trifles. There were collected enough fuel, raw material, and lubricating oils, but the steel plates for another boiler were lacking. There was nowhere to get them and nowhere to get another suitable boiler.

At last one was found. New, of fine proportions, a steam-generating Babcock stood in perfect order in a neighboring factory closed forever. It hid itself like a ripe strawberry from careless eyes; but the new and energetic chairman of the District Soviet of People's Economy appeared on the scene. He made a trip of inspection through his district; and as a result the mechanics are already at work detaching the drum.

Two shifts of mechanics are working, not sparing their energy and not counting the time: they start on piece work, but the joy of their home folks in getting the boiler acts as their main inspiration. See how fine it is, how clean, not even a touch of rust, no traces of a leak, strongly built, the plates in order. Though it is not large in size, yet according to the mechanics it will be more powerful than were the two old ones together.

'Egorka, don't yawn! Cut straighter! Eh, eh! how tightly bolted! As if welded together! . . . Machine work. The masters were Englishmen. . . .'

Clang, clang, clang, clang. . . . The bodies strain, the muscles swell. They are scarcely able to straighten their fingers in the intervals. There is not even time to do this. . . . Clang, clang, clang, clang. . . . The head of a bolt flies with force into a corner. Two

hundred and eight bolts on two saddles, and how much energy one bolt calls for! Even to get the bolt itself out is quite a task.

'Stop, Zakhar Petrovich! We did n't start right. We have to cut off the heads from the inside. Cutting from this side it's hard to get the bolt out. Eh! no place to swing! Pipes in the way everywhere.'

They both crawl into the boiler. It is cold there and their shirts are wet with perspiration. It's hard to breathe; not much room to swing, either. They are crouching; no place to straighten up. Though their ears are filled with cotton, still their heads are ringing with the noise.

Nichevo! They must hurry. The children are home waiting. Bang, bang; bang, bang; bang, bang.

At last the boiler is free. The attached parts are lashed to it, and made ready for the journey. Slowly the chains are straightening out, growing taut, and slowly the boiler is rising, higher and higher. Crash! A sharp, short, powerful blow. The rear end has fallen back upon the saddle. The hook of the chain has broken.

'See, Zakhar Petrovich! See what good iron the chain is made of! It glitters with sparks, but here it is dark.'

'The Lord saved us. God pity us if it had broken above us!'

The sailor, Nikifor Ivanovich, returned from the fleet, is a skeptic and atheist: 'It has nothing to do with God. The hook was simply weak; but I have another in reserve. It will hold.'

From the watchman of the factory they secure additional tackle. The reinforced tackle is applied once more. Again the chain straightens. The heavy drum goes up like a balloon and hangs beneath the ceiling.

'Turn it, turn it! Go on!'

Two men easily give the desired direction to the tremendous weight. In a

couple of hours the drum is on rollers ready to be moved out. Now the batteries have their turn. Between the smoke pipes are put rollers to prevent any bending. These are supported on three frames on hewed-log runners.

Slowly the immense affair moves toward the door, but it cannot pass through. The rear part of the saddle is too large. To break the wall is dangerous, for over the door are windows and over these are ventilators. What is to be done? *Nichevo!* This has been foreseen. The carpenters are already busy; the lintel is already propped up on horses. The sides of the doorframe have been taken out and the rest of the boiler is outside. Here there is waiting for it a large truck with iron wheels.

The whole artel¹ has arrived to remove the desired guest. Soon it is put on the truck, balanced, bolted to it, lashed with ropes. Breast-collars are attached in order to help the animals, and supports are fastened to the boiler to keep it balanced while in motion; the whole affair is once more looked over. To-morrow on the road — home!

In the early morning three pairs of steers and two pairs of horses are hitched to the truck. The drivers get in line. 'With God's help! Let us pray.' Silant'ich, who, though old, is lively and energetic, begins the boisterous *dubinushka*.² They bare their heads and make the sign of the cross. 'Ei, dubinushka, oh! Once, now it goes by itself!' The others join in. 'Once, once! *Tsobe, tsob! Tsobe, tsob!* On, on! A, a, a-a-a! It goes, goes, goes! Oh, yes, it goes! Oh, yes!' Tremblingly

¹ An artel is an organization of laborers something like our crew or gang, which makes contracts for jobs, has its own elected foreman, and is paid by the job, *i.e.*, gets the contractor's profits in addition to the usual wages. Artel is a Tartar word meaning 'friendship.' This form of labor organization is prevalent in Russia in every gainful occupation.

² 'A Big Stick' — a workers' song.

and unwillingly the boiler begins to move.

Only to reach the pike, to get out to it! Well, there is the first trouble — the gate is too low. They turn around it, but the rear wheels sink into the ground up to the axle. 'To the levers, planks under the wheels, ahead!' sounds the command. Dubinushka, shouts, sighs, curses, profanity — all blend into a mighty roar. The rope cuts into the hands, the friction raises blood blisters, the wheels are cracking, the planks are bending, the horses are pulling to the side, the steers are stubbornly straining, and the boiler moves, to sink again at the first moment's halt.

But things are different on the pike. The animals are able to pull it unaided. The horses begin to accustom themselves to the slow pace. The men begin to smoke, now that they are free to do so. Behind them is a long train of wagons with provisions for the men and feed for the animals, with clothes and tools, extra traces, and so forth.

'It's going! But a *mulla* crossed the road!' (It was a backwoods place and the people were superstitious.) A mulla — he is the same as a priest — some mishap might occur!

There are new worries ahead of them — two bridges, one new and strong, the other unsafe. A mechanic orders planks put under the wheels as a safeguard. The first bridge is passed safely; the second begins to crack and rumble as if protesting against this overpowering weight in its old age. But *nichevo!* the front wheels are already on the ground. Suddenly the rear wheels, jumping off the planks, fall upon the bridge with a crash. The whole bridge creaks and begins to shake. Two beams break; but the artel is ready and does not lose its head. The members hasten to help their future breadwinner off upon the earth.

They curse the mulla. The carpen-

ters remain to repair the bridge. Everything moves ahead. They are glad the danger is over. But their joy is premature. The iron axle bends. What to do now? They move on — perhaps it will hold. They go five versts. But things grow worse and worse — the axle bends so much that the wheels begin to scrape the wagon frame. It is lunch time. They unharness the horses and steers and begin to fry potatoes and boil soup.

But Silant'ich has no appetite, for he does n't know what to do — there can be no thought of going back to the factory, it is too far now; the village blacksmith is not able to make the repairs. The mechanics hold a consultation; they are heard, and the conclusion is to turn the axle and let the weight straighten it.

'*Nichevo*, comrades! Let us spit upon the mulla! We will reach our destination.'

And they have raised the rear of the truck, turned the axle, and started their journey anew. Things go nicely — would that they would continue so. The artel is cheerful. The horses and steers pull in concert. Only when going uphill or after having stopped do they need to be helped. The old sinner Silant'ich is satisfied — he starts the songs with such liveliness that the men grow enthusiastic. (The songs hit everyone — the gentlefolks, the authorities, even the factory women.) They laugh aloud, playful like a herd of colts, and at the same time they also pull like good horses.

There, beyond the railway, on the village road it will be harder. Nevertheless they begin to calculate the time of their reaching home. They are moving quite rapidly, when suddenly someone notices something wrong at the back of the truck. Alas, several spokes are broken at the rim, which is bending. They can go no farther. A stop is made.

Seemingly the mulla was in the clutches of hiccups that day; poor thing, he might really become ill.

The wheel is taken home by Silant'ich; they also ask him to bring more bread, as the supply is getting low. The stop was made in the middle of the road, far from inhabited places. They leave the boiler where it is (who could take it?) and go to the nearest village. The peasants meet them in a rather unfriendly way, refusing to let them into their huts. What else can the peasants do? There are in the artel perhaps seventy men and twenty beasts of burden; there is little feed and no money.

So the majority have to sleep, some in the barns, some under wagons, and some in the open. The night is rainy, windy, and cold. But what can they do? Their clothes are poor; their slippers are made of the bark of trees, and the rags wound around their legs are wet through. They again ask to be let into the huts. Some are let in, not all. Toward morning a number are feverish. They get up early, eat what they have, — potatoes, — warm themselves in the sunshine, and the feverish feeling disappears. The old rascal Seniushkin (nicknamed 'Mousie') makes a clever move; squinting his watery, mouselike eyes he begins to beg: 'Comrades, I do not feel well; let me go home. For what help can I be to you?'

'Stop that. We all are sick. When the artel elder returns, ask him. He might let you go; and should you die, we will bring you home on the boiler, just like a general on a gun.'

The critical time comes; the bread is gone, no more potatoes, and what money can toilers have? There is nothing to do. They have to go 'to shoot' about the village. They feel ashamed and sorry, but how can they help it? To go home? Would the artel allow this? Somehow they satisfy their

hunger, and Seniushkin even returns with a sackful — he is a master at shedding 'mousie' tears.

Only on the fourth day does Silant'ich return. He brings the repaired wheel, an iron bar for the support of the rear axle, bread and money for the folks. He was told at the factory that the boiler was not taken down correctly; it was necessary to cut the uprights and to bring the batteries separately. The load would have been easier, but who could do the welding again, as the mechanic had said? But what's the use of talking about this? Everybody gets to work. Hurry up, hurry up!

They reach the railway, and — a stoppage again. The load cannot be moved over the railway track without the permission of the authorities, and, still worse, the boiler cannot pass under the telegraph wires. Silant'ich runs to and fro, but he cannot do anything. They have to leave the boiler and go home. No little cursing and profanity is let loose at the expense of the factory authorities. They, the devils, busy themselves with tea-drinking and sugar-sucking, and drive us naked into the cold and rain without proper provisions! They don't deserve anything! They take joy-rides behind a team, instead of inspecting and doing something in regard to the telegraph wires.

The engineers are called, but there is no help from them. A mechanic leaves and is absent several days. He arranges everything and the people are sent again to the boiler. Now the factory mechanic has to be with the artef all the time.

The telegraph wires are raised and the boiler crosses the track easily. But it rains the whole day. The people at the factory will long remember this road and tell their children about it. For is it easy to haul the boiler on a bad road in the autumn mire? It's slip-

pery, the wheels sink, one can hardly get it uphill or let it downhill. One has to repair bridges and cover road ditches. The people are hungry and in scanty clothing. Oh, how hard it is! But what can be done? Everyone has to help to his utmost. They clench their teeth and grasp the ropes, the levers, put on the breast collars — and forward! *Nichevo*, it will be done! The boiler has to be brought home. We'll do it!

See, the mechanic is scolding: 'Loafers, you don't want to work!' The people feel offended: 'How's that, we don't want to work? Is it easy in mud, in cold here, without eating and drinking? Do you need the boiler? Do not the children and womenfolks wait for us?' The people feel insulted. They become agitated, noisy, and abusive. But what's the use of hammering the teeth with the tongue — the boiler has to be brought home!

At last home is reached! The day is dry and the sun warming. All pipes and saddles are decorated with evergreen. The whole factory comes to meet it. . . . For a moment the difficulties of the bad road are forgotten. Everybody feels easy and gladness is tickling the heart. The steers stop. The manager stands by. The leader sets the tune, 'We honor the engineer —' The latter smiles, as if saying, 'Sing — well, why not sing? You have toiled enough. Ei, dubinushka, oho! Once, it goes by itself —'

They arrive. There is no end of talk and questions. But they cannot pay much attention to these. They rush to embrace their children, to eat porridge, into the bathhouse (the committee has not forgotten them), and finally to rest, for their bodies are creaking and aching.

The next day the people are as busy as ants. The old boiler is thrown out and a new foundation is laid, on which the new boiler is placed. But there are

no boiler-makers for the bolting work. The blacksmiths have to do it. But the connections for the steam pipes are missing. Where to get them? *Nichevo*, there is a moulder and there are also casters. The missing parts are made new. Everything is done by themselves, and with what care! One hundred and ninety pounds of pressure is applied, and not a drop from bolts or saddles. The womenfolk carry heaps of clay and bricks and the masons perform their part. The mechanics painstakingly go over everything in detail. Everything is ready. Only to heat it. The fire is made, at first a slow one; this is gradually increased. After a few days no draft appears. The firemen are laughing: 'Engineers, eh! There is your boiler. When you close it there is only a little draft, but when you open it, no draft at all to speak of. A housewife has more draft in her kitchen stove.'

The mechanic comes; he looks the boiler over and says: 'Heat it more; the draft will come.'

'From where? Heat it yourself!'

But in front of the factory office there is a great rush. The people from all near-by villages come to register for work. All will be taken, for the factory will start in full blast.

After a week of heating, the draft really appears — and what a draft!

On opening the furnace a little, the burning logs in it begin to dance. On Monday the factory will start work. It is time. Winter is at hand. The firemen are agitated; it seems to be easy to raise steam, but how about lowering it? They have to work with the boiler for years to come.

Monday comes. The smokestacks are beflagged. A melodic whistle of three notes cuts the dreaming morning air and is carried into the distance over the fields, streams, and forests — a glad call to work. From the surrounding villages the girls and boys are coming with a quickened gait to work.

Another cheerful trill — the sleeping kingdom has come to life. Out of the windows of the boiler-room rushes a mighty, furious roar of machines; the shuttles are knocking, trying to outrun each other; the cross-spools are cracking like machine guns; the revolutions of the shaft transmission give out a slightly slapping noise; one hardly hears the rustling of the belts; and in the distant carpentry-shops the circular saws are screaming in falsetto.

In this wonderful harmonious concert of machines is born and flourishes the best hymn of all — the hymn of toil, the hymn of victorious struggle, the hymn to titanic creator-man.

MEMORIES OF CARUSO

BY EMIL LEDNER
CARUSO'S EUROPEAN MANAGER

[The author was in a degree the discoverer of Caruso, and for twenty years his intimate friend and confidential adviser.]

From *Berliner Tageblatt*, February 16, 18, 25
(LIBERAL DAILY)

IN 1903 Heinrich Conried, manager of the German theatre in Irving Place, was appointed president and director of the Metropolitan Opera Company. He was at that time a newcomer in the opera field and somewhat timid lest he make some artistic or business blunder. In this state of mind he studied carefully the commitments left him by his predecessor, and discovered a contract with an unknown tenor, Enrico Caruso, who was to be paid what seemed to Conried a very high sum for appearing forty times during the season of twenty weeks. Conried communicated with me, asking that I take up with Caruso, on the occasion of his coming appearance at Prague as 'a member of an Italian Opera Company,' the question of cutting down the number of appearances in this contract.

I was overloaded with work, when this thankless mission was suddenly recalled to my attention by seeing in the papers accounts of the great success won by 'an Italian tenor named Caruso' in Prague. A few days later it was announced that the manager of the West Theatre in Berlin had engaged Caruso for two appearances. This saved me a trip to Prague. About the same time tickets for Caruso's passage to New York on the North-German-Lloyd reached me. Using the latter as an excuse, I called upon Caruso at the

Westminster Hotel immediately after his first appearance in Berlin.

I don't propose either here or later to describe at length Caruso's success as an artist. That would be a mere repetition. A person who heard him once will never forget him. I will merely pause to remark that Berlin was the cradle of his fame. Berlin discovered him. After his first appearance in that city, the unknown 'tenor Caruso' was the sensation of the day.

When I called to discuss the suggested change in his contract, the impression of his *Rigoletto* success was fresh in my mind. Apparently he did not yet realize fully the sensation he had produced. When I referred to the matter of the contract, he did not seem surprised. 'Director Conried fears that I will not prove a drawing-card for forty consecutive appearances.' Pausing a moment, he resumed: 'If I really do not produce a good enough impression to sing forty times, I shall leave, whether I have a contract or not; and if I make a complete failure, I shall leave after my first appearance.' That was the total result of my first visit. The cable I had already dispatched to New York produced no effect. Apparently people there had not learned of Caruso's great success at the West Theatre. My instructions were not changed.

The next day I called on Caruso again. He was more at ease, more cordial, and our conversation gradually became very intimate and agreeable. But he skillfully evaded the main issue. Finally, we agreed that before he made his first appearance in New York he would take the whole matter up with Conried. If he made any concessions beforehand, he must be assured some equivalent in case he achieved a great success. That was the best I could do. Perhaps it was the best I wished to do. I was completely overpowered by that *Rigoletto* evening. I knew instinctively what his future was to be, and my fruitless mission violated my own convictions. I was very glad to get out of the thing without offending either party.

These two interviews began a long and intimate friendship that survived the unavoidable differences of opinion that arise in all business negotiations, and continued undisturbed up to Caruso's death. I never learned whether his contract was modified before his first appearance in New York. I did learn, however, by a cable from Conried the day after his first appearance in that city, that the original contract had been cancelled and a new one concluded, running for several years; and that this agreement gave Caruso the privilege to sing in public and private concerts, something that almost invariably remains at the discretion of the manager. . . .

After Caruso's repeated successes in New York became known in Europe, arrangements were made for him to appear periodically at Berlin and Hamburg. Our agreement provided that he was to fill European engagements arranged by me for two months each year, and it soon became impossible to give dates to all the managers who requested them. Each season 'Caruso evenings' were a society event. Ladies ordered special 'Caruso toilettes' for the occa-

sion, and there was wild speculation in tickets for the evenings when he appeared. This continued up to the outbreak of the war.

It was not until August 1914 that I cancelled, under a war clause, the contract I had made with Caruso the previous spring. The way we regarded the war at that time is illustrated by the communications that reached me in this connection.

Count von Hülsen wrote: 'I shall be happy to resume negotiations next year under more favorable circumstances, and hope that I may then have the pleasure of seeing our great artist again.' The director of the Court Opera in Vienna telegraphed: 'After much reflection, I share your view — that, most unhappily, apparently insuperable obstacles prevent our keeping this engagement the present year; but I beg you to give me a few days to think it over.' A little later he wrote: 'Next season I shall console Caruso's Vienna admirers for their sacrifice this year.' The City Theatre in Hamburg telegraphed: 'Cancellation agreed to. Hope for engagement in 1915 under happier circumstances. Beg you to keep the matter out of the newspapers.'

Although it was an easy thing to cancel my contracts with German managers in 1914, it was not such smooth sailing with Caruso. For several years the great tenor had made an exclusive contract with me for all Europe. His contracts with other managers were signed by me personally, and I was personally obligated in the matter of his appearances. By the end of August, 1914, it seemed impossible even to contemplate starting on the season that was to begin the following month. I was compelled to free myself as promptly as possible of my responsibilities. Caruso thought otherwise. He recognized, it is true, that my action was right in principle; but as a sharp busi-

ness man, keenly alive to his personal advantage, he interpreted the war paragraphs quite differently from the way I did. On the fourteenth of October, 1914, I received a letter from him, written at his villa 'Bello Guardo,' filling ten closely written pages.

He felt called upon to inform me 'in all friendship and good faith' that Section 5 of our contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company did not contain the word 'war,' but only 'political events.' He doubted that the operas in question would close, and 'a cancellation is justified only in case the theatres close; and if the theatres do close, then I am entitled to one thousand marks for every appearance for which I was engaged.' For this reason he felt that he would be compelled to insist that these contracts with me be fulfilled so far as he personally was concerned; for though we both suffered material loss, the greater share of that loss fell upon him.

Furthermore, although he had sung in German and French operas for nearly ten years, he knew little or nothing of the contracts customary with German managements. Certainly he had never seen such a contract. Therefore, he added: 'Since you have doubtless received large advances from the directors this year, as in previous years,' — such advances were never paid in Germany, — 'and you cannot be compelled to return them, I lay claim to these advances, for they were given you merely as security for my entire honorarium. If the directors refuse to pay my entire honorarium, you must at least pay me these advances.'

It is customary abroad for great artists to be advanced, as guaranties under their contracts, from 25 to 30 per cent of the sums they are to receive. These advances become the property of the artist immediately and are recoverable only in special emergencies. Caru-

so had made the payment of advances upon his honorarium a condition in his contracts with the Metropolitan Opera Company and with myself. If I had ever told him that I did not demand advance payments from theatres of the class at which he was appearing in Europe, he either would not have believed me or would have considered me a careless and negligent manager. I had great difficulty in convincing him, even when I produced documentary evidence, that I had not received such advances in the present instance.

Finally, late in November 1914, he wrote that he would waive his 'justifiable claims, in order not to mar our friendship, or to embarrass me in connection with my existing contracts; although neither the war nor *force majeure* really estopped his claims for material compensation.' He hoped that both of us might recoup our heavy losses the following year.

I have remarked that Caruso was a shrewd business man, who knew how to look out for himself. But he could be generous. No sacrifice was too great for his art, his ambition, and his fame. He was ready to sacrifice a very large sum that he was to receive for a tour of twenty appearances, in order to sing Boito's *Nero* a few nights in Milan. Let me quote from our correspondence in this connection, for this certainly was an unusual incident in operatic history.

On April 4, 1912, Caruso wrote to me from New York: —

I have been invited by Senator Maestro Arrigo Boito to create the principal character in his *Nero*, which is to be presented at the Scala in Milan on Verdi's Centenary. I have felt that I could not refuse such an honorable offer, although my consent — or your consent — means a very heavy financial loss. In view of our excellent friendly and cordial relations, I beg you urgently to give me an opportunity to associate myself with one of the greatest artistic events of

the age, something that has been awaited with intense eagerness for thirty years. I do not imagine for a moment that you will refuse me this opportunity; and I have already telegraphed Boito — and the people at Milan and the whole Italian press know — that my appearance in *Nero* depends entirely on your consent.

Naturally I was compelled to agree under these circumstances. I did not do so willingly, but was somewhat consoled by feeling that a work that had been under preparation for thirty years would probably not be ready for presentation at the appointed time. I was right in this conjecture, for on December 14, 1912, Caruso wrote me from New York: —

I have received from Maestro Boito the following letter: 'I am writing you a month before the date set. I am compelled to tell you that it is hopeless to think of finishing my work in time to be presented at the Verdi Centenary. My grief and concern is the greater because I am losing the opportunity that good fortune and fame seem to have placed in my grasp — of having you as the interpreter of my work. I am deeply grieved, but at the same time profoundly grateful for your readiness, and that of your Berlin friend, to meet my wishes.'

Caruso actually drew but a trifling amount against the sums paid him for his European seasons. They were deposited each year with the German Bank in Berlin. Naturally this sum became very large. On September 26, 1915, I received a letter from him from Milan in which he asked me to send to his attorney, Ceola, of Milan, — with whom we were both personally acquainted, and who was at that time in Zurich, — one hundred thousand marks on his account. Meanwhile Germany had issued special regulations for remittances going abroad. We were not yet at war with Italy, however, and there was no excuse for not making the remittance. But I took every precau-

tion. I addressed myself to Count von Hülsen, asking his advice, and he thought it necessary to consult with the military commander of Berlin, General von Kessel. A few days later he informed me that the General thought there was no legal reason for not complying with the request; so the one hundred thousand marks were transferred.

In this connection Count von Hülsen mentioned current rumors that Caruso had been quoted on several occasions, in our own and in foreign newspapers, as hostile to Germany; and that he had sung at a concert at Monte Carlo for the benefit of the French Red Cross. Count von Hülsen wished to have this matter cleared up in the interest of future relations with Caruso, saying that the Kaiser was so deeply interested that he had taken the matter up with him a short time before, expressing his astonishment that an artist who had been shown such remarkable honors in Germany should exhibit such enmity to the country.

I was able to explain immediately the Monte Carlo incident. A contract, in force since 1911, obligated Caruso to sing on three occasions for Director Günsbourg at Monte Carlo. The fulfillment of this engagement had been postponed for three seasons. Finally, in 1914, Günsbourg demanded that Caruso fill his contract; and if the proceeds went to the French Red Cross, that had nothing to do with the singer himself.

All the charges against Caruso during those feverish days — charges that did not spare me personally — were baseless and unjust. I never knew the author of a forged letter, alleged to have been written by Caruso, that was published in 1915. The truth is that Caruso kept the word which he gave me in 1914: 'So long as the war continues, I shall not sing in any of the belligerent

countries.' After 1914 he did not sing anywhere in Europe except the three evenings at Monte Carlo. He could not possibly know at that time that America would eventually enter the war.

Caruso was born in Naples on February 25, 1873. His parents were poor and he grew up in exceedingly humble circumstances. He attended primary classes in the public schools, and when a very young lad was often asked to serve as 'priest's boy,' to quote the words he used to me. Later he was choir boy at several churches. When about fourteen years old he was apprenticed in a mechanic's shop, where he learned the metal-workers' trade. Finally he had an opportunity to go to Trapani, at which town one of his young companions, also interested in music, secured him a place as chorus singer in an Italian troupe. He spent several years on little local Italian circuits in this humble rôle, becoming familiar with all the misery and privations that the members of third-rate barn-storming companies suffer in that country. One orchestra leader taught him the rudiments of opera-singing, and another taught him to sing topical songs on the stage.

At Livorno the woman who made his fortune entered his life — the woman to whom he owed all that he became, and perhaps the only woman whom he ever truly loved. The same woman was later to cause the bitterest sorrow of his life.

Ada Giachetti was a little, mediocre Italian opera-singer; but, probably unconsciously, she was a remarkably competent teacher. Under her instruction and wise guidance Caruso evolved from a chorus singer into a true opera-singer. She studied his parts with him, trained his voice, gave him dramatic instruction, and a few years later secured for him his first engagement as

primo tenore. Permanent opera-companies, such as we have in Germany, did not at that time exist in Italy, and perhaps do not exist even to-day, with the single exception of the Scala at Milan. Even the theatres in such cities as Genoa, Naples, and Florence, were engaged by touring companies. Giachetti managed to interest Milan agents in Caruso, and through their aid found him engagements with touring opera-troupes, whose circuits covered several countries. This eventually brought him to Prague, where his true career began.

Ada Giachetti! Caruso's great fortune and misfortune! A little, chubby — yes, fat — Italian woman. During their alliance from 1897 to 1907 four children were born to them, of whom two survive. I learned to know the charming little fellows intimately in London. Caruso loved them passionately.

A violent rupture took place in the relations of Caruso and Giachetti in 1908, resulting four years later in a sensational trial at Milan. Caruso had left Giachetti and the two children at his home, Bello Guardo, during his season in New York. He learned during his absence that she had become infatuated with her chauffeur, Romati; and thereupon he rid himself of her in what we must admit was rather a brutal way.

Giachetti toured at home for a time with an Italian opera-company and later visited America. At New York she pursued Caruso without persuading him to take her back. There were some violent scenes at the Knickerbocker Hotel. Finally she accused him, in *Corriere della Sera*, of ruining her prospects of an engagement in America by intercepting her letters and bribing intermediaries. She charged him with stealing her jewels and destroying her reputation. Caruso brought a suit for

libel, and the trial occurred in Milan late in October 1912. We had to cancel two of Caruso's appearances at the Berlin Opera House to permit him to attend in person.

At the opening session, on October 25, a violently partisan audience packed the courtroom. Many persons of eminence — professors, artists, and musicians — occupied reserved seats. Caruso was present, sitting between his attorneys. The presiding officers read an affidavit by Giachetti, applying to Caruso unrepeatable epithets. Her mildest expression was 'shameless tenor.' She reasserted her charge that Caruso had intercepted her letters, giving as testimony a post card addressed to her by a certain friend. She also charged Caruso with stealing jewels of great value from her, and this charge was repeated in an article that appeared in *Corriere della Sera*, which was read before the court. Three of her letters to Caruso were also presented in evidence.

This led to the whole scandal of Giachetti's relations with the chauffeur being aired in the court. The chauffeur described a quarrel during which Caruso beat Giachetti and choked her, followed by a financial settlement in which Caruso promised to pay Giachetti five hundred lire a month.

Caruso's testimony was interrupted at points by his own emotions. When asked regarding the alleged theft of jewels, Caruso answered: 'When I saw that all was over between us and convinced myself that she had deserted me for her chauffeur, I gathered together all our property, among which were these jewels. I had not given them to her, for a person makes gifts only outside his own household and not to the mother of his children. I did not consider it theft to take these things, in order that they might not go to that chauffeur.'

The trial ended with Giachetti's conviction for criminal libel, and her sentence to one year's imprisonment and a fine of one thousand lire.

This ended Caruso's relations with Giachetti. But she never left his thoughts and memories. After that episode in his life, the day before *Pagliacci* or *La Bohème* were to be presented was invariably a frightful one for Caruso, for myself, and for everyone associated with him. During and after the presentation of either of these operas, he would have fits of violent weeping, followed by a fever that lasted several hours. He saw in Nedda the living, and in Mimi the dead Giachetti. This feverish emotion never left him and often became almost unendurable. Finally he had to stop giving *Pagliacci* for a whole season.

The year after the trial Caruso began to complain of headaches, while at Munich and Hamburg. They developed into a severe brain-fever after he reached Berlin. This illness almost wrecked for the time being the constitution of a man who ordinarily radiated health. I never supposed it possible for a human being to suffer so intensely and yet perform his duty, the way Caruso did at that time. For weeks he would be subject to periods of intense pain almost every day. The three physicians who attended him in these crises were able to give him no relief. I often saw Caruso, in these moments of torture, press his head against the brass rods of his bed and beat his forehead with his fists. I cannot comprehend to-day how he mustered up the resolution and iron energy to fill his three engagements in Berlin — to slip out of the Hotel Bristol in his dressing-gown, in the very worst of one of these crises, take his automobile to the opera house, and then sing *Aida* or *Carmen*!

We often hear Berlin audiences spoken of as exacting and heartless. No

public in the world could have been more sympathetic and generous than were our Berlin opera-goers toward the visibly sick artist. Caruso appeared each of the three evenings of his engagement, singing unusually well and acting with powerful effect; but it was not Caruso. In each case I begged him the day before he appeared, and even that day itself, not to attempt it. But my persuasion had no effect upon his invincible will. 'If I do not appear, I shall make hundreds of enemies. Many of the tickets have been bought from speculators. Every man who gets back only half what he paid at the box office will feel that I am responsible. I do not want men to talk about my illness.' You could not move him from that position. I never thought it possible that a human organism could survive such quantities of aspirin, pyramidon, and similar drugs as he swallowed.

Although he seldom spoke of Giachetti after that, and although, as I am informed, he subsequently married happily, the wound inflicted by her betrayal did not heal for years. Perhaps it never healed.

In judging Caruso one must distinguish the artist from the man. As an artist he was a wonderful example of persistent, indefatigable industry, more exacting of himself than the most vigilant of his critics, never satisfied with his own work; and every moment of his artistic life was devoted to tireless, endless, self-imposed labor. He spent several hours every morning — beginning on rehearsal days at 9 A.M. — practising his parts with an accompanist. He would go over arias that did not exactly suit him time after time, together with the accompanying parts that required rehearsal. He used his vacations memorizing and perfecting himself in the new parts he was to give

the following winter at the Metropolitan Opera.

I learned to appreciate deeply the seriousness of his artistic standards and ideals during his rehearsals in Germany. He was never irritable, never superficial, but always conscientious. He possessed none of the temperamental eccentricities we associate with operatic stars. He would patiently rehearse, over and over again, parts that he had sung in public and rehearsed times beyond number. On several occasions big ensemble scenes in which he did not appear would require repetition; he never objected, although these sometimes added an hour to the period he must wait. He never made the slightest protest against the programme of his manager, and this is something that only a professional manager can fully appreciate. He did whatever he was asked, without a word of dissent.

I should add that he expressed great appreciation of the artistic seriousness and thoroughness that he found upon the German stage. These qualities always appealed to his sense of responsibility and duty. For example, when *Le petit Bleck* would turn around on his piano stool and say, with a sigh, 'We shall have to rehearse the whole act over,' Caruso would snort joyously and shout: '*Le roi le dit*,' and cheerfully go through the whole thing again.

Caruso never relaxed his conscientious efforts to improve his singing. I recall a little incident illustrating this, that caused me a moment of puzzled bewilderment at the time. We were at Hamburg. One afternoon he came into my room and asked me to go with him to a Jewish synagogue. I thought I had misunderstood him and gazed at him with astonishment. 'Where?' I asked. He answered, humorously assuming the air of a pedagogue, 'To the synagogue of the Israelites. This is Friday eve-

ning.' I hardly believed my ears, but naturally made no objection. I know Hamburg fairly well, but, to tell the truth, had not the slightest idea how to find a synagogue. The hotel porter gave instructions to the cabman, who took us to one — in Grindelallee, if I remember correctly. We spent an hour there.

At supper that evening Caruso explained his request. He said: 'I have discovered that the Jewish chanters employ a peculiar method of intonation and vocalization in their service. They are unexcelled in the art of shifting the melody, of picking up a new key, of modulating their ritual chant, and of overcoming vocal difficulties that may occur in the words rather than in the

melody itself. For this reason I visit Jewish synagogues whenever I have the opportunity.'

During the following season we spent every Friday that we did not have representations or rehearsals, in a synagogue. I recall our attending Jewish services in Praterstrasse, Vienna, in Oranienburger and Lützowstrasse, Berlin, in the main synagogues at Frankfurt and Paris, and in the magnificent one at Budapest. Caruso never let a sound escape. He would prick up his ears at every solo by the principal chanter. Then we would go home and practise for half an hour, imitating what he considered the marvelously skillful and unlabored canon-singing and transitions of the Jewish service.

FAREWELL TO AMERICA

BY H. W. NEVINSON

From The Nation and the Athenæum, March 4
(LIBERAL POLITICAL AND LITERARY WEEKLY)

In mist and driving snow the towers of New York fade from view. The great ship glides down the river. Already the dark, broad seas gloom before her. Good-bye, most beautiful of modern cities! Good-bye to glimmering spires and lighted bastions, dreamlike as the castles and cathedrals of a romantic vision! Good-bye to thin films of white steam that issue from central furnaces and flit in dissolving wreaths around those precipitous heights! Good-bye to heaven-piled offices, so clean, so warm, where lovely stenographers, with silk stockings and

powdered faces, sit leisurely at work or converse in charming ease!

Good-bye, New York! I am going home. I am going to an ancient city of mean and mouldering streets; of ignoble coverts for mankind, extended monotonously over many miles; of grimy smoke clinging closer than a blanket; of smudgy typists who know little of silk or powder, and less of leisure and charming ease. Good-bye, New York! I am going home.

Good-bye to beautiful 'apartments' and 'homes'! Good-bye to windows looking far over the city as from a

mountain peak! Good-bye to central heating and radiators, fit symbols of the hearts they warm! Good-bye to frequent and well-appointed bathrooms, glory of the plumber's art! Good-bye to suburban gardens running into each other without hedge or fence to separate friend from friend or enemy from enemy! Good-bye to shady verandas where rocking-chairs stand ranged in rows, ready for reading the voluminous Sunday papers and the *Saturday Evening Post*!

Good-bye, America! I am going home. I am going to a land where every man's house is his prison; a land of open fires and chilly rooms and frozen water-pipes, of washing-stands and slop-pails, and one bath per household at the most; a land of fences and hedges and walls, where people sit aloof, and see no reason to make themselves seasick by rocking upon shore. Good-bye, America! I am going home.

Good-bye to the copious meals — the early grapefruit, the 'cereals,' the eggs broken in a glass! Good-bye to oysters, large and small, to celery and olives beside the soup, to 'sea food,' to sublimated viands, to bleeding duck, to the salad course, to the 'individual pie' or the thick wedge of apple pie, to the invariable slab of ice cream, to the coffee, also bland with cream, to the home-brewed alcohol! I am going to the land of joints and roots and solid pudding; the land of ham-and-eggs and violent tea; the land where oysters are good for suicides alone, and where cream is seldom seen; the land where mustard grows and whiskey flows. Good-bye, America! I am going home.

Good-bye to the long stream of motors — 'limousines' or 'flivvers'! Good-bye to the signal lights upon Fifth Avenue, gold, crimson, and green; the sudden halt when the green light shines, as though at the magic word an enchanted princess had fallen asleep;

the hurried rush for the leisurely lunch at noon; the deliberate appearance of hustle and bustle in business; the Jews, innumerable as the Red Sea sand! Good-bye to outside staircases for escape from fire! Good-bye to scrappy suburbs littered with rubbish of old boards, tin pails, empty cans, and boots! Good-bye to standardized villages and small towns, alike in litter, in ropes of electric wires along the streets, in clanking 'trolleys,' in chapels, stores, railway stations, Main Streets, and isolated wooden houses flung at random over the country!

Good-bye to miles of advertisements imploring me in ten-foot letters to eat somebody's codfish ('No Bones!'), or smoke somebody's cigarettes ('They Satisfy!'), or sleep with innocence in the 'Faultless Nightgown'! Good-bye to the long trains where one smokes in a lavatory, and sleeps at night upon a shelf screened with heavy green curtains and heated with stifling air; while over your head or under your back the baby yells and the mother tosses moaning, until at last you reach your 'stopping-off place,' and a semi-Negro sweeps you down with a little broom, as in a supreme rite of worship! Good-bye to the house that is labeled 'One Hundred Years Old,' for the amazement of mortality! Good-bye to thin woods, and fields enclosed with casual pales, old hoops, and lengths of wire! I am going to the land of a policeman's finger, where the horse and the bicycle still drag out a lingering life; a land of persistent and silent toil; a land of old villages and towns as little like each other as one woman is like the next; a land where trains are short, and one seldom sleeps in them, for in any direction within a day they will reach a sea; a land of vast and ancient trees, of houses time-honored three centuries ago, of cathedrals that have been growing for a thousand years, and of village

churches built while people believed in God. Good-bye, America! I am going home.

Good-bye to the land of a new language in growth, of split infinitives and crossbred words — the land where a dinner-jacket is a 'Tuxedo,' a spittoon a 'cuspidor'; where your opinion is called your 'reaction,' and where 'vamp,' instead of meaning an improvised accompaniment to a song, means a dangerous female! Good-bye to the land where grotesque exaggeration is called humor, and people gape in bewilderment at irony, as a bullock gapes at a dog straying in his field! Good-bye to the land where strangers say, 'Glad to meet you, sir,' and really seem glad; where children whine their little desires, and never grow much older; where men keep their trousers up with belts that run through loops, and women have to bathe in stockings. I am going to a land of ancient speech, where we still say 'record' and 'concord' for 'recud' and 'concud'; where 'necessarily' and 'extraordinarily' must be taken at one rush, as hedge-ditch-and-rail in the hunting-field; where we do not 'commute' or 'check' or 'page,' but 'take a season' and 'register' and 'send a boy round'; where we never say we are glad to meet a stranger, and seldom are; where humor is understatement, and irony is our habitual resource in danger or distress; where children are told they are meant to be seen and not heard; where it is 'bad form' to express emotion, and suspenders are a strictly feminine article of attire. Good-bye, America! I am going home.

Good-bye to the multitudinous papers, indefinite of opinion, crammed with insignificant news, and asking you to continue a first-page article on page 23, column 5! Good-bye to the weary

platitude, accepted as wisdom's latest revelation! Good-bye to the docile audiences that lap rhetoric for sustenance! Good-bye to politicians contending for aims more practical than principles! Good-bye to Republicans and Democrats, distinguishable only by mutual hatred! Good-bye to the land where Liberals are thought dangerous and Radicals show red — where Mr. Gompers is called a Socialist, and Mr. Asquith would seem advanced! A land too large for concentrated indignation; a land where wealth beyond the dreams of British profiteers dwells, dresses, gorges, and luxuriates, emulated and unashamed! I am going to a land of politics violently divergent; a land where even Coalitions cannot coalesce — where meetings break up in turbulent disorder, and no platitude avails to soothe the savage breast; a land fierce for personal freedom, and indignant with rage for justice; a land where wealth is taxed out of sight, or for very shame strives to disguise its luxury; a land where an ancient order is passing away, and leaders whom you call extreme are hailed by Lord Chancellors as the very fortifications of security. Good-bye, America! I am going home.

Good-bye to prose chopped up to look like verse! Good-bye to the indiscriminating appetite which gulps lectures as opiates, and 'printed matter' as literature! Good-bye to the wizards and witches who ask to psychoanalyze my complexes, inhibitions, and silly dreams! Good-bye to the exuberant religious or fantastic beliefs by which unsatisfied mankind still strives desperately to penetrate beyond the flaming bulwarks of the world! Good-bye, Americans! I am going to a land very much like yours. I am going to your spiritual home.

MY ACCIDENT INSURANCE

BY C.-A. LOOSLI

From *La Bibliothèque Universelle et Revue Suisse*, January
(SWISS POLITICAL AND LITERARY MONTHLY)

A FEW years ago I was honored by a visit from a young man who seemed to take an immense interest in my personal welfare. When he first presented himself at the door, I sent word that I regretted I could not receive him, since I was at work on an article which had to be finished that very day; but the young man was extremely insistent and he made a good deal of the fact that he had called at my house four times in the past two days without once finding me in. He explained that he came on business of the highest importance — the *very* highest importance — and that he would n't take a minute — no more than a minute, not a second more, he assured me!

My wife confirmed his first statement. As a matter of fact, the young man had asked for me the night before, and the night before that, but she had forgotten to tell me about it. What did he want? She did n't know. When she asked him, he replied politely but firmly that his business was with the great writer himself.

'Mein Gott!' said I. 'If this gentleman promises to make it short and will honestly go in ten minutes, bring him in. But only ten minutes — not a second more! Tell him that. You understand? I simply have to finish this manuscript and get it into the mail to-day. I've promised it, and I have n't a minute to lose.'

So the young man came in. He wore an elegant gray vest — a veritable confection of a vest — and a stiff collar of the latest model, so high that I thought

for a moment my visitor had recently broken his neck and still had to keep it in a plaster cast. Besides this, he wore shoes of canary yellow, socks of elegiac green, and he carried an imposing bag of Havana leather with bright nickel mountings. A glance at his hands showed me half-a-dozen rings ornamented with enormous imitation jewels. In his face I observed the normal number of eyes, to which sparkling glasses gave an appearance of life, two ears, only one nose, quite destitute of character, and a single mouth, faintly shadowed by a little moustache à l'*anglaise*. One vest pocket permitted a pair of gray kid gloves — which I could hardly imagine going over all those rings — to put in a coquettish appearance.

As he came in, the young man made a bow that would have done credit to a member of the Young People's Christian Union just after his first dancing-lesson. Then he put his bag down on the table and came over to me with the outstretched hand of an old friend.

'Charmed to make your acquaintance!' he cried. 'My name is Mayer, Jules Mayer, from A——. Glad to see you looking so well and feeling so well — at least, I hope you are! I've been very anxious to see you. In fact, I've been here a number of times already without having the luck to find you in, for you were always out. But I could n't leave without at least coming to pay my respects. I have enjoyed all your books so much, and I hope to read your new one as soon as it comes out. I

travel so much, you see; and when there's nobody to talk to, a fellow has to kill the time somehow. The papers simply bore me. They can't give a cultivated man anything but a moment's distraction; while a good book, read in a railway car, often becomes my friend for life — especially those that have so much to laugh at in them as yours have! No matter what your business, you can't work too hard to cultivate your mind; and when I read an interesting book, one that has got me all stirred up, I just can't stop till I've met the author face to face, to shake hands with him and thank him for the pleasure and advanced intellectuality his book has brought me.

'I'm delighted to see you looking so well. But you go out a good deal; and if you consider the growing complexity of transportation, you might say that even the healthiest man is constantly in danger, whether from the contagious diseases or the accidents that await a man at every street corner to-day — things nobody can avoid, no matter how prudent he is. I saw some children playing around the house — yours, I suppose? You must have a wife, too, and that black dog I saw — an Airedale terrier, I should say — is yours, is n't he?

'Well, it's a duty of honor and conscience for everyone, especially the head of a numerous family like yours, to look out for accidents of every kind by the convenient and inexpensive method of insurance — especially when a man wears sport clothes as you do, from which one need n't be very clever to infer that you ride the bicycle or motor, or that in your leisure moments you are an Alpine climber, or perhaps an aviator. The premiums are absurdly low. Suppose you insure yourself against accidents for the sum of twenty thousand francs in case of death or total disability. That would cost you only one

hundred and fifty miserable francs a year.

'Ridiculous, is n't it? And besides, the company that I have the honor to represent — and which, by the way, surpasses all its competitors in the speed with which it pays its claims (we never get mixed up in lawsuits) and in its highly favorable terms to its clients — the company, as I was saying, will pay you twenty francs a day whenever you get laid up by an accident — a very pretty little sum — and what's more, they will pay the doctor's bill, too. I won't insult your intelligence and your well-known business judgment by doubting that you see the advantage of my offer and want to take advantage of it; so I take the liberty of submitting a policy — drawn along the lines I've explained — for the sake of your own security, your profit, and that of your family in case of accidents, which are always possible, though God preserve us from them!

'Even the priest of the village down here — though he is less exposed to the risks of accident than you are, in the nature of his business — has taken out a policy this very morning, which is certainly very much to his advantage. For if the old boy only has the luck to have a little accident every year or so, his insurance will give him a very neat little additional income; and that is not to be despised when you consider how the ministers of religion are paid nowadays.'

While his mouth was working away at this rate, with never a chance for me to interrupt by word or gesture, my visitor's hands were by no means idle, and had covered my big table with prospectuses and graphic tables in many colors, all drawn from the unplumbed depths of the leather bag. Everything was beginning to dance in front of my eyes and inside my head.

When the young man departed at last, after a stay of nearly three quarters of an hour, he left me quite exhausted, but insured against accidents to the extent of twenty thousand francs. They put me to bed. I had three weeks of high fever; and it was only thanks to the devoted care of my wife that I grew little by little into a normal man again, and was at last rid of the imminent prospect of a lifetime in a hospital for nervous wrecks.

I still felt a little weak in the head and limbs, so that when I took my first walk alone I caught my foot just as I was coming home after a long visit to my favorite café. I struck a stone a little to the right of the road, one that I had never noticed, although the light of a street lamp of at least five candle power fell full on it. To make a long story short, I hurt my foot badly, and bethinking me of my accident insurance on which the first premium had been paid during my illness, I hastened to take all the steps that the instructions printed on the back of my policy declared were absolutely essential.

I went to my doctor, who examined me and made a statement under oath before the village notary. He also prescribed compresses for my foot and cold water for my head. The notary, on his part, promptly forwarded to the insurance company all the necessary documents — to wit, my birth certificate, a legal copy of my family record, a certificate of good character from the police, a legal form attesting the identity of the claimant and the holder of the policy, together with the vaccination certificate of my dear old grandmother, who died in the year of our Lord 1881. Whereupon I was requested to give the company an exact account of the circumstances in which the accident took place. I complied, for during the interval the cold-water compresses on my head had taken effect; although

those on my foot continued to require irrigation with *eau de Goulard* as before, according to the doctor's orders. After a fortnight I was completely cured and announced my recovery to the company with medical certificates and documents from the notary to support my statements, begging them to send me a check for the doctor's and notary's bills by return mail, together with the money for the injury itself. I had been in bed for ten days, and was therefore entitled to two hundred francs, which I needed to pay a couple of bills.

But instead of the money, I received a visit from the insurance company's inspector, who explained that he could not grant my request, because in this case I had been to blame for the accident myself. I was somewhat surprised and showed it. The inspector, who was not at all surprised, explained. It seemed that I need not have gone out of the house in the first place, — the true cause of the accident, — for there was no real reason for my going to the café at all.

In the second place, my stay in the café had been altogether too long, something my legs could not stand, when I should have been exercising them with constant walking. In the third place, I had not kept on the right sidewalk, the shortest and least dangerous, but, according to my own admission, had walked along the edge of the park, where the stone was situated which had proved such a stumbling-block and which could not be considered part of the public thoroughfare by any means. Out of the pure goodness of its heart, however, and just to keep up its tradition of quick settlements, the company would pay the doctor's bill, but not a centime more. When I protested, he added that, as the very limit in the way of concessions, the company would pay me fifty francs — quite an exceptional thing to do — without considering the

merits of the case, but only out of pure goodness. Unfortunately I was not in a very good humor that morning, so that the inspector left my home in haste.

My mind was made up. I had been cheated out of my most sacred rights, both under the law and under the insurance policy, and I brought a suit against the company. I entrusted my case to the experienced hands of my old school friend, the advocate Lammergeier, who I knew was so wanting in both delicacy and intelligence that I had perfect confidence in his skill as a lawyer.

The suit was entered and the trial took place. The hearing afforded me the keenest æsthetic pleasure. My lawyer described the insurance company as a band of unscrupulous bandits, which in the interests of public safety ought to have been dissolved long ago, and whose members would ornament any penitentiary. The company's lawyer retorted that M. Lammergeier's client was a notorious drunkard, a skilled dissembler, a fugitive from justice who ought to have been hanged long ago, if our humanitarian sensibilities in judicial matters had not abolished the gallows — a means as expeditious as it was advantageous for relieving society of its more hardened criminals! To which my lawyer replied that the insurance company represented by his distinguished colleague, M. Ploetscher, was a nameless organization for the perpetration of villainy and human perversity, on which public vengeance and the full rigor of the law were soon to fall. But in his reply M. Ploetscher avowed that in his long career as a lawyer and in the whole history of criminal law he had never yet encountered an individual occupying a lower moral plane than the client — myself, if you please! — of his honorable opponent, and in the name of divine and human justice he demanded a finding with costs against the assertions of that abject creature whom he

might with perfect justice characterize as the quintessence of crime and depravity.

After messieurs the advocates had thus displayed their wit and exhausted their picturesque vocabularies, the court decreed — at the end of three years at least — that the insurance company must immediately pay me the two hundred francs demanded, with interest at 5 per cent from the time when the suit began.

I was enormously delighted with this sentence, which I celebrated in company with my lawyer, and I began to have some confidence in the justice of mankind; but that evening I went home feeling rather jolly and displayed my high spirits so vivaciously that my wife thought it necessary to temper my exuberance with a pailful of cold water, which induced me to go to bed at once.

The next day I got my lawyer's bill for his fees and expenses on my behalf. It amounted to two hundred and fifty francs. The court had awarded me two hundred and thirty-one francs and ten centimes. Not only was there not a red cent of my payment left to me, but I had the pleasure of paying my lawyer eighteen francs and ninety centimes more than the company paid me.

And on the basis of Article X of the insurance policy I was removed from the list of persons insured against accident. Why? I did n't find out until much later. The company reserved the right to drop anyone who had paid his premiums punctually for several years but still represented too big a risk for it. Now by 'too big a risk' the company meant a lost lawsuit.

That is why I am no longer insured against accidents. Strictly between ourselves, I may add that it does n't worry me much. I think I could stand an accident or two quite well, but not an insurance policy, with its trail of inspectors, formalities, trials, and lawyers.

THOMAS MOORE

BY RAYMOND MORTIMER

From the *London Mercury*, March
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

ALL that is now generally known of Moore is that he was an Irishman, a friend of Byron, and the favorite poet of our grandparents; and all that is generally remembered of his poetry is a considerable number of quotations, chiefly the first lines of songs: —

I never loved a young gazelle.
The minstrel-boy to the war is gone.
The harp that once through Tara's Halls.
'T is the last rose of summer.

But the contrast between the oblivion to which his works have now been relegated and the reputation which they originally attained is in itself likely to excite a certain curiosity about their author. For both as man and poet his position was prodigious. Everywhere he went he was fêted, he was crowned with laurel at dinner parties, and in Ireland he was treated like a king making a triumphal progress. His poems, rapturously received in England, were soon translated into all European and several Oriental languages: —

I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung
(Can it be true, you lucky man?)
By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,
Along the streets of Ispahan.

Lalla Rookh, translated into German by Fouqué, the author of *Undine*, was made into a play and acted at a Berlin fête by Royalty: 'the most splendid and tasteful thing that I have ever seen,' said Chateaubriand. The Prince Royal of Prussia always slept with a copy of the poem under his pillow; the Grand Duchess of Russia, wherever she went, always carried two

copies of it with her, magnificently bound and studded with precious stones.

Nor was his fame based only on the doubtful excellence of Royal taste. Macaulay considered his prose among the best of the time; Madame de Staël, the 'Begum of literature,' as Moore called her, was always proclaiming her passion for his poetry; Stendhal, who never met him, wrote to him that he had read *Lalla Rookh* five times, and sent him copies of his own works; Landor thought he had written a greater number of beautiful lyric poems than any one man that ever existed; Shelley seems genuinely to have thought him a greater poet than himself; and Byron, besides writing the famous dedication to *The Corsair*, in which he calls him the poet of all circles and the idol of his own, protested that 'some of Moore's last Erin sparkles were worth all the epics ever composed.' Byron did not care for epic perhaps.

The Lake School took little notice of Moore; but Coleridge complained after reading *Lalla Rookh* that there were not three lines together without some adulteration of English, and Lamb, with less hostile intentions perhaps, but more deadly aim, compared his verse to 'very rich plum cake — very nice, but too much of it at a time makes one sick.'

The son of John Moore, a grocer in a small way in the city of Dublin, and of his wife (née Anastasia Codd), Thomas Moore was born in 1779, in a room over the shop, 'with a rose in his

mouth and a nightingale warbling at his bedside.' He was brought up as a patriot and a Catholic, received a good education, and attended the University of Dublin, where he was a friend of Emmet, and was nearly involved in the political troubles of '98.

In 1799 he came to London with a letter to Lord Moira and a verse translation of *Anacreon*. He made an instant social success, and won the patronage of the Prince of Wales, whom he was afterwards so bitterly to attack. A year later *The Poetical Works of the Late Thomas Little, Esq.*, appeared and won an immediate and great success, partly *de scandale*. They were considered excessively licentious; they hardly seem so now. These lines may be taken as typical:—

Who now will court thy wild delights,
Thy honey kiss, and turtle bites?

The book had a great influence on the young Byron; it was one of the first fruits of the Romantic Movements in England, and written avowedly in imitation of seventeenth-century poets. The author, however, was no Sedley or Rochester; it soon became known that he was Moore. It is a lack of taste rather than of morals which afflicts the young poet.

In 1803 he went to Bermuda to occupy a Government post obtained for him by Lord Moira; but it proved unprofitable, and after only three months in the island he came back to England with no prospects but those afforded by his literary gifts. Soon after his return he provoked a duel with Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review*, who had attacked him as the licentious author of Little's Poems. The meeting, which took place at Chalk Farm, was cut short by the opportune arrival of the Bow-Street Runners. One of the pistols was found to be unloaded, and the poet and the editor became friends for life.

A few years later Byron lampooned the rather ridiculous circumstances of this duel in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, and Moore challenged him in turn. But an arrangement was made to satisfy both parties, and Moore showed his talent for turning everything to profit by converting Byron, as he had converted Jeffrey, into one of his most valued friends.

At first Moore satirized both political parties; but a patriotic Irishman could hardly be a Tory, and he soon joined the Whigs. And for the rest of his life he remained a familiar of the great Whig houses, counting Lord Lansdowne and Lord Holland among his intimates, and leaving Lord John Russell as his literary executor and biographer. In 1811 he married a sensible woman of origin at least as modest as his own, who bore him four children, and to whom he always remained sincerely attached. The fashionable world made her uncomfortable, while it kept him happy. She was content, therefore, only occasionally to accompany him into it, and he, for her sake, took a cottage in the country at Sloperston, and worked there for many months which he would otherwise have spent idly in London.

His marriage was followed by an uneventful life, broken only by a long visit to Italy and a stay of three years in France, and punctuated by the appearance of his various works, the *Irish Melodies*, *Lalla Rookh* (in 1817), *The Loves of the Angels*, *The Twopenny Postbag*, and other satires, and a crowd of miscellaneous poems. In the latter part of his life he wrote chiefly prose, beginning with reviews for the *Edinburgh Review*, and continuing with the *Lives of Sheridan and Byron* and a series of controversial books relating to Ireland. At last his mind began to fail, and he died, 'not quite as imbecile as Southey,' in 1852.

'Even the day before he died he warbled.'

His life was admittedly a happy one, his only complaint being of a lack of money, though he received nearly £5000 for his *Life of Byron*, and over £20,000 for his verse (three thousand guineas for *Lalla Rookh* alone); and he was always receiving handsome offers from editors of annuals, which he always refused as beneath his dignity. He had, however, to keep, besides his wife and children, his father, his mother, his sister, and his mother-in-law; moreover, he was naturally generous, and even extravagant. A devoted father and an affectionate husband, he liked women to be beautiful and foolish, nothing more; but he was a persevering frequenter of feminine society.

He wept with contrition for the 'Little' volume, afterwards; but even in these and his other erotic and Anacreontic verses there is a certain candor to show that this was not so much a goat-legged satyr as a playful and ingenuous Cupid. He seems eminently suited to an agreeably trivial world, where ringleted young ladies, fair toxophilites by day, romantically performed in the evening upon the harp and the guitar — a world in which the newly founded Athenæum Club and Fops' Alley at the Opera were the places of recreation, and of which to travel in a railway train and to be 'photogenized' with the wonderful invention of Monsieur Daguerre were the sensational adventures. A happy, careless, comical fellow, as he calls himself, he might, it seems, be left contentedly singing in a trio, as on one occasion he did, 'Go where Glory waits thee!' with the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, his future Sovereign.

Of his literary quality it is less easy to speak sympathetically. He was a

musician before he was a poet. 'Music issuing out of Light is as good an idea as we can have of Heaven,' he says; and again, 'My passion for music was in reality the source of my poetic talent, since it was merely the effort to translate into words the different feelings and passions which melody seemed to me to express.' It is hardly fair to judge the words of his songs apart from their music; they were not intended for such a test, and, in fact, have little pretension to be literature.

Moore was a composer as well as a poet, and his ear was keener for the melody of music than for that of verse, though he would have been surprised, no doubt, if he had been told that his liquid or tripping anapæsts were lacking in subtlety or harmony. He had of fluency and erudition too much, of taste and ear too little.

At the time his light satiric verse was effective, but little of it has retained any life. It suffers, like so much similar work, from the depressing discretion of many asterisks, from the oblivion which has swallowed most of those against whom it was directed, and from a lack of that wide applicability which characterizes all satire that lasts. Occasionally, however, a few lines still emerge, like these on the engaging subject of the Regent: —

Methought the Prince, in whisker'd state,
Before me at his breakfast sate;
On one side lay unread petitions,
On t' other, hints from five physicians —
Here tradesmen's bills, official papers,
Notes from My Lady, drams for vapors —
There plans of saddles, tea, and toast,
Death-warrants and the *Morning Post*.

Moore's method of producing poetry was beautifully businesslike. He scoured libraries for historical works and books of travel, read them industriously through, and so amassed a rich supply of interesting facts; with their help he proceeded to write his verses.

But if businesslike, he was honest; and he gave at the foot of each page his authority for every epithet and the source of every detail of local color. Perhaps this was advisable, because his phrases did not, without elucidation, always afford a vivid or intelligible picture. At any rate, the backshop is thus open to us, and we can watch the process by which his dainties are concocted. Here are six notes from the foot of a page of *Lalla Rookh*: —

1. C'est d'où vient le bois d'aloès, que les Arabes appellent Oud Comari, et celui du sandal, qui s'y trouve en grande quantité. — D'HERBELOT.

2. Thousands of variegated loories visit the coral-trees. — BARROW.

3. In Mecca there are quantities of blue pigeons, which none will affright or abuse, much less kill. — Pitt's *Account of the Mohametans*.

4. The Pagoda Thrush is esteemed among the first choristers of India. It sits perched upon the sacred Pagodas, and from thence delivers its melodious song. — Pennant's *Hindustan*.

5. Birds of Paradise, which at the nutmeg-season come in flight from the Southern isles to India, and 'the strength of the Nutmeg,' says Tavernier, 'so intoxicates them that they fall dead-drunk to the earth.'

6. That Bird which liveth in Arabia and buildeth its nest with cinnamon. — Brown's *Vulgar Errors*.

Here are the lines based upon these notes: —

... lightly latticed in
With odoriferous woods of COMORIN
Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen;
Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between
The crimson blossoms of the coral tree
In the warm isles of India's sunny sea:
Mecca's blue sacred pigeon, and the thrush
Of Hindostan, whose sacred warblings gush
At evening from the tall pagoda's top;
Those golden birds that in the spice-time drop
About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
Whose scent hath lur'd them o'er the summer
flood,
And those that under ARABY'S soft sun
Build their high nests of budding cinnamon.

This is better than most of Moore, and 'very rich plum cake,' to be sure; but not much is left if you remove the borrowed plums. On the whole, he is preferable when he is being 'horrid.' In this vein he has passages that have a certain power, like the famous description of the coming of the Demon of the Plague, when 'The very vultures turn away, And sicken at so foul a prey.'

As one reads the celebrated *Irish Melodies*, one begins to wonder, was there even anything particularly Irish about his work, beyond an occasional use of local legend? Irish poetry does possess a distinctive quality. The Irish, when speaking English, do not make the great difference which the English do between stressed and unstressed syllables; in fact, they dwell almost equally upon each syllable. Their poetry, in consequence, like French poetry, is syllabic; whereas English verse is governed by stress.

The characteristic rhythm which results, and which distinguishes Irish poetry in English from ordinary English verse, is noticeable in the poems and translations of Mangan, Callanan, and Sir Samuel Ferguson; still more remarkable in the young contemporary poets, like Padriac Pearse and Thomas Macdonagh; and best known to English readers in the poems of Yeats and of Edward Thomas, who, though a Welshman, wrote in this Irish rhythm. These poems (such as 'The Lake Isle of Innisfree' and 'Had I the Heavens' Embroidered Cloths') must be spoken almost as if they were prose, with no hurrying over some syllables and no pausing upon others to reduce the lines to the ordinary movements of English metre. A few of Moore's *Irish Melodies*, it is interesting to discover, are written in this distinctive Irish rhythm. The best example is the poem of which this is the first stanza: —

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping,
 I fly
 To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm
 in thine eye;
 And I think that, if spirits can steal from the
 regions of air
 To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt
 come to me there,
 And tell me our love is remember'd ev'n in the
 sky.

Another is 'The Irish Peasant to his
 Mistress' (the Church): —

Thy rival was honor'd, whilst thou wert wrong'd
 and scorn'd,
 Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows
 adorn'd;
 She woo'd me to temples, while thou layest hid
 in caves,
 Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas!
 were slaves;
 Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather
 be,
 Than wed what I love not, or turn one thought
 from thee.

The prosody of these poems immediately commands attention, and even lends a certain charm to the phrasing, which, in itself, is no richer or less conventional than that of his other poems; and, apart from anonymous street songs and country ballads, these poems seem the first in English to possess this peculiar movement. That they do possess it cannot be attributed to the delicacy and originality of Moore's taste, or they would not be isolated, as they are, in a mass of commonplace work; it is rather due to the care with which he followed the exigencies of the music to which he was writing — traditional Irish music which moved in a rhythm natural to Irish speech.

Though taste is always changing, each age thinks that its own taste is best and that it can, by following it, produce definitive criticism. In the case of Moore the qualities which made him the idol of his age seem now utterly valueless; and, ironically, the only thing that he did originate, and

that we can find in his verse to admire, escaped the notice of his contemporaries.

Moore was aware that his poetry was not in the first flight of sublimity; he maintained that he fell short of his own possibilities, and gave an excuse hardly creditable to his character: —

Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
 Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at
 Fame;
 He was born for much more, and in happier hours
 His soul might have burn'd with a holier
 flame.

But alas for his country! — her pride has gone by,
 And that spirit is broken, which never would
 bend;
 O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
 For 't is treason to love her, and death to
 defend.

Of this treason he was always guilty; but it is necessary to discover how far he avoided this dangerous defense, and whether he was fair to himself in making this excuse — in fact, whether the faults of his poetry can be attributed to a flaw in his character. Moore had come to England in 1800, a member of a despised and brutally oppressed people, whose last liberties had just been destroyed; and the sufferings of his countrymen in the atrocious happenings of '98 were fresh in his memory. His struggle for a livelihood and his voyage to Bermuda no doubt blunted these recollections and drove them from their commanding place in his brain.

When he returned to England there was an obvious opening for a poet to harp upon the sorrows of Ireland. A literary sympathy with the aspirations of small nations was a characteristic of the contemporary Romantic Movement. Moore, with typical flair, perceived this opening and took it. But he had, unconsciously, to make a choice. Was he to be the fearless and passionate champion which Ireland

needed, who should excite all Irishmen to action, or was he to be a boudoir patriot, moving English Whig ladies to ineffective tears?

It may now seem that he only allowed his patriotic feelings to escape in a sentimental form, which rendered them not only inoffensive, but popular and lucrative. His book of *Irish Melodies*, for all its sadness, was, in his own words, 'not meant to appeal to the passions of angry and ignorant multitudes; it looks much higher for its readers—it is found upon the pianofortes of the rich and educated.' The strange thing, however, is that he was actually considered the champion of oppressed nationalities throughout Europe. The Irish worshiped him, and Shelley, who scorned all compromise, was able to speak of him coming from Ireland as

The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong;
And Love taught Grief to fall like music from his
tongue.

The national aspirations of the *Melodies* found a world-wide audience; and while Russian and Prussian princes were innocently delighting in the Oriental picturesqueness of *Lalla Rookh*, their Polish subjects brought a rebellious ardor to the detection of its political allusions. Still, Moore's frequentation of a world so much above his breeding exposed him to easy criticism. He took a naïve and almost engaging pleasure in the brilliance of his reputation and the grandeur of his friends. He saw himself as 'an Irishman and Catholic prospering among the grandees of England without the surrender of one honest or Irish principle,' and this picture of a patriotism that managed to be both pure and prosperous always enchanted him.

He certainly lived on terms of close intimacy with Englishmen of great power and position, which might argue a suspicious pliancy of character. But

it must be remembered that the Holland House circle, informed as it still was with the generous spirit of Charles James Fox, did not easily take offense, and could understand that Englishmen were not the only people with a right to be patriotic. Again, he refused the patronage of a Government opposed to Catholic Emancipation in an age when it was unfashionable to refuse anything; but he accepted as favors from the Whigs (beside the unlucky Bermuda place) a barrack-mastership for his father, and later a pension of £300 a year for himself. No one thought him grasping—in fact, he was always being complimented upon his manly independence. But the frequency with which Moore and his friends apply the word 'manly' to his conduct is such in itself as to rouse our suspicions.

In any case, as he grew older, increasing signs of uneasiness are perceptible in him. He began to take up a more decided line in the defense of his country, partly, perhaps, because he became better acquainted with her case. His knowledge of Ireland had been confined to Dublin; but in 1823 he made a tour of the South of Ireland, and this year marked a turning-point in his attitude and work. He admitted publicly his desire to see the repeal of the Union, 'even with separation as its too certain consequence, so hopeless appears the fate of Ireland under English government.'

In 1824 he published *The Memoirs of Captain Rock*, an attack upon various abuses of the English dominion. This was brave; and — what was braver — he wrote a laudatory memoir of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who, in his zeal for Irish liberty, had tried to induce the French, a people then at war with England, to make a landing in Ireland; who was, in fact, a sort of Casement, who only escaped a like end by dying in prison. This book appeared in 1831.

In 1833 he brought out *The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion*, which he wrote to show that Catholicism was the original and only logical form of Christianity. Moore was a Liberal first and a Catholic afterwards; or, rather, a Catholic because a Liberal, his religion being a part of his patriotism. Though always a Theist, he had given up the practice of his religion from his University days, had sometimes spoken of it with great bitterness, and had brought up his children as Protestants. This work of religious polemic, therefore, must be considered as one more expression of his increasing sympathy with Irish national aspirations; and yet another was a rashly-undertaken *History of Ireland*, which occupied and depressed the last years of his life.

But in spite of this assertion of his principles in the later part of his career, he was not altogether satisfied. At those depressing moments which bring to all men the bitter consciousness of wasted lives and betrayed ideals, he apparently admitted to himself that his friend Emmet had taken the better part. 'A wet, gloomy day,' he writes in his diary — 'my spirits of the same hue. Often do I wish I had a good cause to die in.'

A man can only be fairly judged by his fidelity to his own beliefs, and had Moore accepted English rule in Ireland it would be unreasonable to blame him. But he never accepted it. In all things he followed the world too much. He had always retained — half unconsciously, perhaps, and almost in spite of himself — the patriotic sentiments of his youth. But for years his deference to public opinion weakened his public allegiance to them. It seems psychologically certain that the same pliability and oversensitiveness to public feeling also injured any taste or talent he naturally had for the writing

of poetry. When his original political principles began to reassert themselves, he ceased to write poetry. He may have been conscious that it was too late to start a better manner. At least, these words appear in his *Life of Byron*: —

However delightful, therefore, may be the spectacle of a man of genius tamed and domesticated in society taking docilely upon himself the yoke of social ties, and enlightening without disturbing the sphere in which he moves, we must, nevertheless, in the midst of our admiration admit that it is not thus smoothly and amiably immortality has ever been struggled for or won.

Moore had by instinct the gift of gauging the literary market with the shrewdness of an Irish tradesman; to this he added a quite English capacity for not letting his left hand know what his right hand was doing. Such a combination must always bring success and popularity, but can never ensure their permanence. He was, with Scott, the most successful expounder of the literary fashions of the day; but a pliable talent like his, which would have adapted itself to any age, would have been better able, in the preceding age, to carry gracefully its natural mediocrity. His position would have been more secure as a rival of Shenstone than as a contemporary of Shelley.

The picture imposes itself of the jaunty little Irishman, an Abbé perhaps, and domiciled in France under the patronage of noble friends, — they would always be noble as well as friendly, — delighting the Marquis with his sentimental chansons, the Marquise with his pointed pasquinades, the Cardinal with his eloquent defense of a Church in which he did not believe, and posterity with a career completely characteristic of the age. In the Age of Good Taste his taste would have been better:

A PAGE OF VERSE

IN PRAISE OF ONE

BY EISDELL E. TUCKER

[*Bookman*]

O LITTLE gods of wilderness,
Be good to one who sees
The fingers of the wind caress
The ruffled locks of trees;
Bend all the wilding wood to her
To blossom to her hand;
O little gods, be good to her,
Whose love you understand.

O wilderness, take heart again,
And welcome one who hears
The gentle harper in the rain
Harp with a sound of tears;
Bid sunlight fall like wine on her,
And rainbow arcs entice
The colored webs to shine on her
From looms of Paradise.

TWO PLAYERS

BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

[*To-Day*]

I —
Fumbling a few dim smouldering chords
that die —
Broken prelude, groping to find its
lonely night
Of nothingness beyond love's wounded
evening sky.
Blurred afterword of passion stumbling
darkly by.

And you —
Lost in a fool serenade of romance,
memorizing —
Then out of the past, my dream of the
past that we knew,
With a foot-light air of mirth and
mockery rising.

JACK AT SEA

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

SAILOR JACK has gone to sleep;
Sucking mouth and staring eye
Round his bed go stealing by;
Pale fronds wave their tracery.

Sailor Jack his wage has got;
Blowzy Meg and hungry Sal
Wait his roaring carnival;
Dim and silent is his hall.

Sailor Jack has ta'en his leave;
Eight bells ring above his ear,
Through the shrouds the wind pipes
clear;
Oath nor chanty can he hear.

Sailor Jack comes home no more;
Plunging bows and crested sea,
Anchor dropped and harboring lee,
Live not in his memory.

THE GLIMPSE

BY KATHERINE MOHER

[*Remembering*]

A SUDDEN sunshine through the trees,
A gleam upon the grass,
A mystic whisper in the breeze —
And God Himself doth pass.

A sudden stillness, and we hear
Songs on the silent air,
Celestial cadence keen and clear —
And God Himself is there.

And Time's long verges fade away,
We know nor sound nor sight,
For rapt beyond this breathing day
We touch the infinite.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE EXHIBITION OF THEATRICAL ART AT AMSTERDAM

THE International Theatre Exhibition, which closed in Amsterdam some time ago and has reopened at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, may one day bulk large in the history of theatrical art and has an obvious present significance as a meeting-point for the varying tendencies in the stagecraft of our own day. The exhibition was organized by the Dutch stage-designer, H. Th. Wijdeveld, with the assistance of another Dutch artist, Frits Lensvelt; both of whom had the constant encouragement of Gordon Craig, who with Adolf Appia may properly lay claim to fathering most of the numerous modern schools of stage decoration.

Nine rooms in the Municipal Museum were given up to the Dutch association, 'Art for the People,' which stood sponsor for the exhibition. Into these nine rooms a total of a thousand exhibits were packed: masks, models, settings, photographs, costume-drawings, exhibits of experimental lighting, new and old ideas in any of the hundred and one departments of the modern theatre — all, that is, except that of the actor, who somehow tends to be dropped overboard when the ultra-modernist stage-manager gets his hands on the tiller. Producers, directors, and designers from most of the principal European countries were well represented — France, Germany, Russia, Sweden, Holland, Austria; but the very heart of the exhibit was given over to the two pioneers of the new stage art, Craig and Appia.

The nine rooms, as Mr. Craig describes them in the *Times*, were made over into 'a dream palace of yellow rooms, purple rooms, gray rooms, black and red rooms,' where the exhibits glow-

ed on the walls, or were placed on special stands, or displayed, adroitly withdrawn from the spectator, in niches. The exhibit of Craig and Appia was in the first room. Craig exhibited mostly old work — woodcuts of characters, three scene models, and scene designs, as well as illuminated models to illustrate his ideas of lighting. Appia's contribution consisted mainly of pictures of various stage-sets.

The English exhibits, owing to the sudden illness of the gentleman having them in charge, were hurriedly gathered together by others, arranged, and sent to Holland all within the short space of a single week. Notwithstanding this short notice, a number of prominent British designers made displays. The late Claude Lovat Fraser, whose last triumph was *The Beggar's Opera*, was represented by some drawing-room designs which united the demands of the realists and the expressionists and were declared by Hermon Ould, one of the editors of the English *Theatre-Craft*, 'at once delightful as color-schemes and as drawing-rooms.'

The settings exhibited by Russian and Swedish designers are remarkable for their vivid yellows and reds, with gleaming white as the only approach to relief from the prevailing intensity. Among the Dutch exhibitors was Wijdeveld himself, who showed his great model for the new Amsterdam theatre, settings from Hamlet, and a superbly beautiful 'Decoration for a Play of the Middle Ages.' This is strongly reminiscent of the cathedrals in which European drama had its origin. Mysterious fluted pillars, each with a graven cross, rise solemnly on every hand, with other shadowy flutings appearing be-

hind them, while the entrances are through arched openings in plane walls, rising to about half the height of the pillars, on either side.

Frits Lensvelt showed a *Twelfth Night* set which has been praised for its pure line, poise, and the refinement with which the artist has employed color. Equally successful was a classic setting for *Oedipus Rex*, in which two pillars rise strongly before a central door, opening out over a flight of steps — almost the sort of thing found in an Athenian theatre, but beautifully adapted to the requirements of the modern stage.

Dr. J. R. B. de Roos was less successful with his employment of color in flat, uncurving stripes, but did show two beautiful settings — one for Debussy's opera, *Pelléas et Mélisande*, and the other for Ravel's *La Mère l'Oye*; while Herman Klopfer displayed a scheme for *The Yellow Jacket*, consisting chiefly of suggestively designed screens with an attractive back-cloth.

The effect of Germany's economic woes upon her theatrical art was as noticeable in this exhibition as it has been in her theatres. German producers have so little money to work with that they have been forced to reduce their sets to the barely essential minimum — a state of affairs which has had the laudable effect of putting the designer in his place and bringing the playwright back to his own. Without exception the German displays showed the effects both of the present tendency toward simplicity and of the 'expressionistic' ideas which distinguish all the German arts to-day.

F. X. von Scherl showed two models of Georg Kaiser's *Gas*. One consists solely of a plain-yellow interior with a rectangular structure of red cubes in the centre; there is nothing more. The other is a black interior with jagged spikes in bright red rising in the fore-

ground. Other drawings, by Gudurian, for Walter Hasenclever's *Der Sohn*, Wedekind's *Der König*, and Knut Ham-sun's *Game of Life*, show much the same characteristics.

All these are modern plays of revolt and disillusion; but the newest German method is also being applied to the plays and operas of the days before the war. Ludwig Sievert showed a design of this type for Act II, Scene 3 of *Parsifal*. A heath rises from the foreground, with a single distorted and blasted tree on its crest — all this in silhouette against a wild, gray sky. 'Never can desolation have been more convincingly presented on the stage,' says Mr. Ould, even while he warns Sievert and his disciples that 'they must beware of a fatal tendency to coarseness. The bludgeoning method is not suitable to all plays.'

As before the war, Shakespeare still receives the closest attention of the German designers. Emil Pirchan has previously shown a characteristic setting for Richard III, with a flight of blood-red stairs in the background sweeping up and up and up indefinitely, to symbolize Richard's bloody path to the throne and to strike a keynote for the action of the play. At Amsterdam he showed a design for the last act of *Othello*, as produced by Leopold Jessner at the Berlin State Theatre. In this Desdemona's canopied couch stands on a slightly elevated platform, the faint light bringing it out against a background of pitchy blackness. Julius Hay also showed a setting for *Othello*, a little reminiscent of Pirchan's *Richard III* design — in this case black steps swinging up to a gold dais, while the entrances are masked by flat screens in various colors.

The veteran German regisseur Reinhardt was represented by a number of designs, as were also Stern and Roschus Gliese; while in an adjoining room the

Viennese exhibits were hung, among them a boldly romantic design by Strnad for a theatre to hold 3500 people and some costumes by Wimmer. Of this part of the exhibit Gordon Craig writes in the *Times*: —

As I look at their work I am aware of good manners which are good without being dull or undramatic; and we need that. Dramatic things, tragedies, comedies, the lurid, the grotesque, — with style and style, — good taste without degeneration into prim emptiness. Vienna gives it me.

Especially interesting portions of the exhibit were the collection of one hundred and ten masks, the darkened room in which the lighting models were shown, and the collection of recent books on the theatre. Of the lighting models Mr. Craig writes: —

The last room is a cave, dark and long, and along each side and in the middle seem to be little glowing ovens, — models of scenes, gold, blue, green, red, — very vivid and lighted up, and all very amusing. The models are not made well; the artists must learn how to make them stronger and how to get more style into their work. The best model is by an Englishman, Paul Nash; and, of course, the models made for Fraser by Hornblow are admirable; but there are certain requirements which all models demand and none of these possess.

The collection of books relating to the theatre is housed in one room, which has itself been made over into a small theatre, where lectures are to be given by eminent workers in the artistic theatre from four or five different countries. The collection of books, of which a special catalogue has been issued, will remain in Holland permanently.

Mr. Ould in *Theatre-Craft* reads one definite moral from the Amsterdam exhibits: —

Realism as a method has come to a dead end: it has no future. And it is significant that the Amsterdam Exhibition offers not a single example of realistic staging. The

nearest approach to realism is to be found in the models of C. Lovat Fraser, who was able to design drawing-rooms which were at once delightful as color-schemes and as drawing-rooms. Almost without exception the exhibitors choose for their subject plays which afford an opportunity for imaginative treatment.

One passes from model to model, from design to design, and reads the labels with a growing conviction that there are only half a score of plays deemed worthy of consideration by most of these artists. Shakespeare claims the greater share of these: Wagner and Mozart (*The Magic Flute*) the rest. Here and there one finds a design for a ballet; here and there a design for a neglected play.

Our own exhibitors (except Paul Nash, the only modernist among them) scorn anything later than *The Beggar's Opera*. The French know Shakespeare and Molière. The Dutch know Shakespeare and Maeterlinck. Austria knows Shakespeare. America is not so much concerned with Shakespeare; but I have no note of any setting for a play by a living author except Masefield's *The Faithful*. But in the German section quite a number of the new school of producers find suitable material in the new school of playwrights.

✱

AUSTIN DOBSON'S LIBRARY

SOONER or later to every library comes the tap of the auctioneer's hammer; and to Austin Dobson, who wrote three of his most characteristic *Eighteenth Century Vignettes* about the libraries of Fielding, Dr. Johnson, and Oliver Goldsmith, fate has been no kinder than to other men. His books were sold at auction at Sotheby's on March 13.

Austin Dobson was a man of letters rather than a book collector, and his library is not particularly rich in bibliographical rarities. In spite of his long interest in the Eighteenth Century, Mr. Dobson possessed only one first edition of Dr. Johnson, — an imperfect copy of *An Account of the Life*

of *Mr. Richard Savage*, — while Boswell's *Life of Johnson* was represented only by a standard edition. There were, however, both the first and second editions of Fielding's *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*, and a copy of the 1744 two-volume edition of *The Adventures of David Simple*, by Sarah Fielding, the sister of the novelist, as well as the 1757 edition of Gray's *Odes*, which was printed on Horace Walpole's famous press at Strawberry Hill.

John Gay is especially well-represented in his biographer's library, which, after all, is only natural. There was a copy of the 1720 quarto *Poems on Several Occasions*, from which Gay made a fortune, together with first editions of *The Beggar's Opera*, *The Shepherd's Week*, and *Trivia, or The Art of Walking the Streets of London*.

Another side to Austin Dobson's character comes out clearly from his books. Not only was he a scholar and a poet; he was also a man much beloved by the writers of his own time. Among his books were presentation volumes from Henley, Andrew Lang, Frederic Locker-Lampson, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, Mr. Edmund Gosse, and Mr. Augustine Birrell. Nor was the mind of this student of another generation closed to the poets of his own. Among his books appears a copy of the first edition of the poems of Rupert Brooke.

MISS KATHERINE MOHER'S POETRY.

MUSICAL rhythm and a clear singing of simple themes — these lend an unpretentious charm to Miss Katherine Moher's new volume, *Remembering*, one extract from which appears elsewhere in this issue of the *Living Age*. There are some interesting Irish poems — perhaps the best in the book — in which the note of quiet simplicity appears at its best, an effect that rather tends to

disappear in some of the poems written in South Africa. The artlessness of her manner is evident in such lines as these, from a poem called 'A Little Lough in Ulster': —

There's a cool air blowing
From the hills above Lough Veau,
A sweet, cool air.

These lines might — were the type differently arranged — pass for exceptionally beautiful prose, so easy and natural is the flow of the rhythm; though this, it is most distinctly to be understood, is not at all the same thing as calling the poem prosy. Simplicity could hardly be carried much further without running over into quite another meaning of the word. Miss Moher's merit is that she cannily refrains from taking those last few fatal steps.

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SHAKESPEARE AND MR. WILLIAM ARCHER IN SPAIN

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER, after a long life in the theatre, is quite incapable of resisting anything dramatic. Hence, when he saw the following bill in Barcelona, he simply had to go: —

SOLEMNIDAD TEATRAL ESTRENO 'SYLOK EL JUDIO' GRAN CREACIÓN DE MORANO

But *Sylok el Judio* justified his worst forebodings. It was nothing else than a very free paraphrase of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, which had been reduced to three acts: the first devoted entirely to Shylock and the bond, the second to Portia and the caskets, and the third to the trial scene. The great scene with Tubal was sliced neatly in two by the Spanish adaptor and distributed between the first and the third acts. Mr. Archer was particularly aghast at one other Spanish innovation. In the trial scene

Portia and Nerissa both appeared in black masks.

Mr. Archer thus closes an article in the *Observer* on this production: —

The Shylock of Señor Morano is one of the very best I have seen. It is a comic rather than a tragic figure, and this is certainly far nearer Shakespeare's conception than the stately and sombre hidalgo whom Irving imposed upon his generation. No doubt the red-haired comic Jew of the early eighteenth century erred still further on the other side. Morano seemed to me to strike the happy mean. He is a personable man, with remarkable variety of voice, expression, and gesture. He gives Shylock no refinement, no dignity, no pathos, but he is always dramatic, always alive. His mingling of obsequiousness and ferocity is very impressive; and he stamps upon the memory a highly individual figure with marked racial characteristics. The fact that he showed little delicacy of verbal understanding was probably the adaptor's fault rather than the actor's.

The play was preceded by a long prologue and followed by a short epilogue, in which it was currently spoken of as a 'farsa.' My Castilian is too limited to enable me to estimate the precise effect of this word; but I think the adaptor would have been wise, even from the point of view of popular acceptance, to have taken his Shakespeare a little more seriously.

THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU

OBERAMMERGAU is at work on the preparations for this year's performance of the Passion Play. Spectators who have seen the production before the war will find changes in the cast. Anton Lang, the Christus, famous in his rôle since 1900, will still be in his place, but he triumphed over younger competitors for the highest honor in the cast by only two votes. Judas is to have a new interpreter, and the beautiful Mary of ten years ago will give way to another impersonator, for she has been married in the meantime

and tradition demands that only an unmarried girl shall impersonate Mary. The village girl chosen for the part is said to be one of the most perfect Madonna types of the Middle Ages, a marvelous incarnation of the old pictures.

Remarkable in these commercial days is the way in which the villagers of Oberammergau have resisted the temptation to vulgarize their art. The bid of an American moving-picture magnate, who actually raised his offer for the film rights from fifty million to seventy million marks, has so far been refused, and business men from various parts of Germany are finding concessions almost impossible to get, even though they offer sums ranging up to fifty thousand marks.

*

ARTISTS FORGOTTEN AND FAMOUS

THE discovery of twenty pictures by Millet in the Hôtel de Ville at Cherbourg was naturally of great interest to American collectors. Actually, however, it is not so surprising as it seems. A story is current in Paris of a similar find of the works of another celebrated artist. His family, living far from Paris in the provinces and altogether outside the world of art, never realized that the struggling painter whom they had known had become renowned after his death, and they continued to house a number of his canvases without any idea of their value. Henri Rochefort, the French journalist, used to tell a story of how he stood in a dealer's gallery and heard him refuse to buy 'The Angelus' from Millet, because he regarded it as such an excruciatingly bad picture.

*

BOOKS MENTIONED

Moher, Katherine. *Remembering*. Oxford: Blackwell. 2s. 6d. net.



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